THE BYSTANDER
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APRIL 13, 1927

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The BYSTANDER

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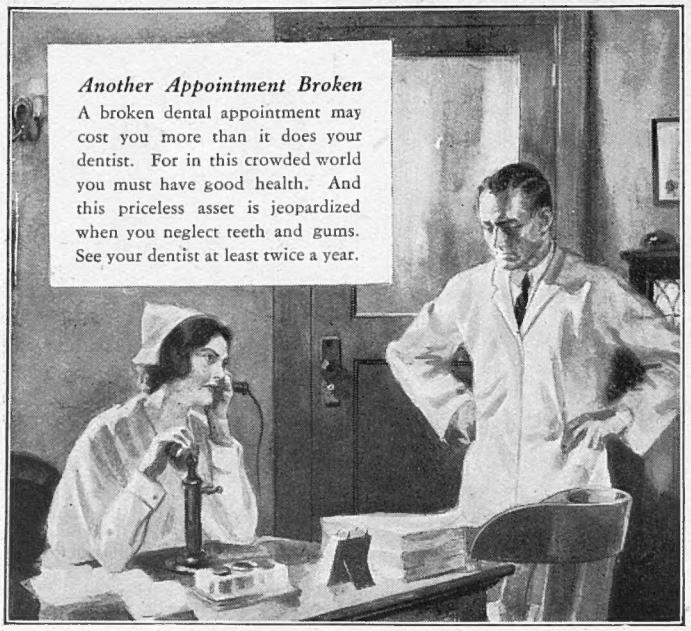

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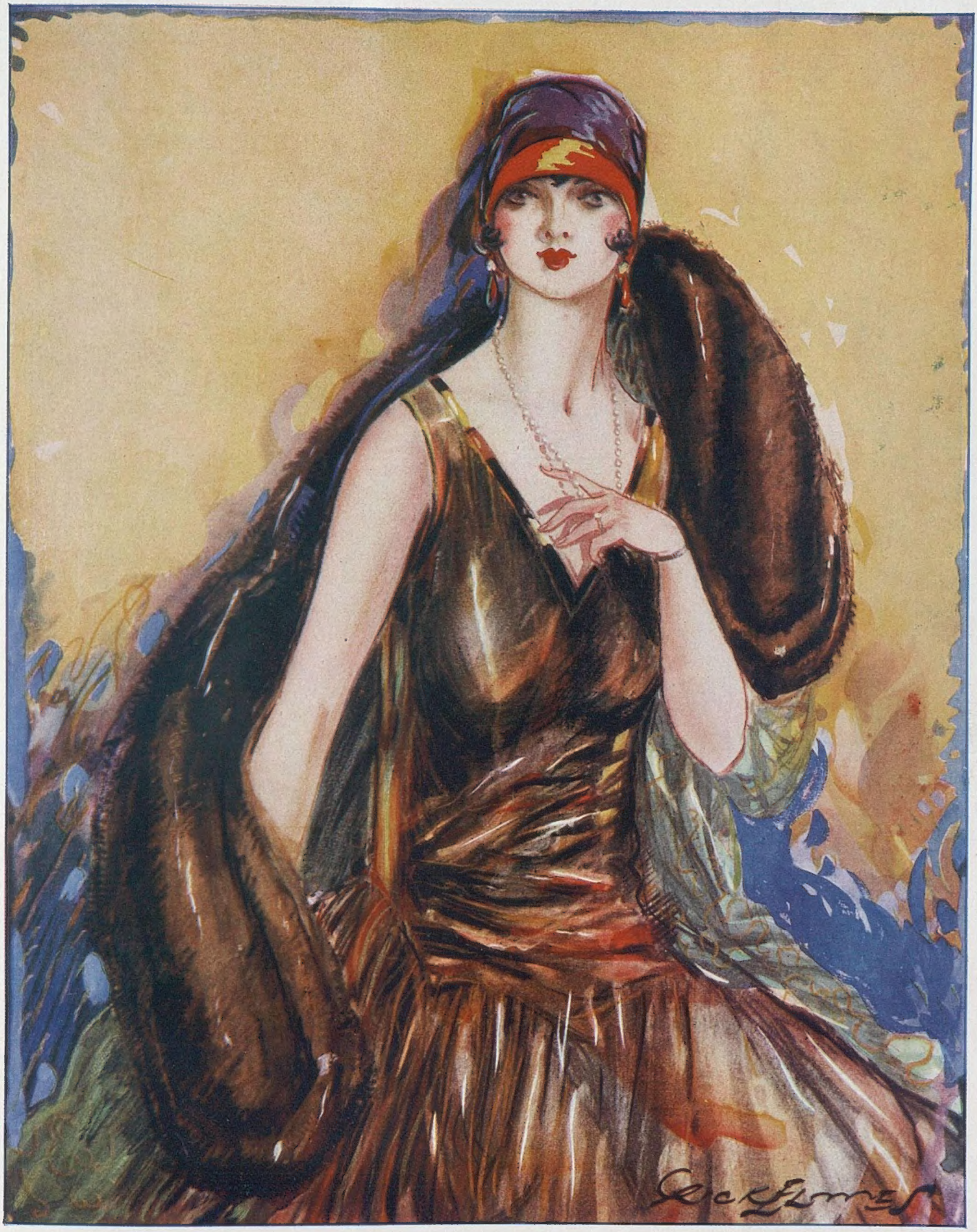
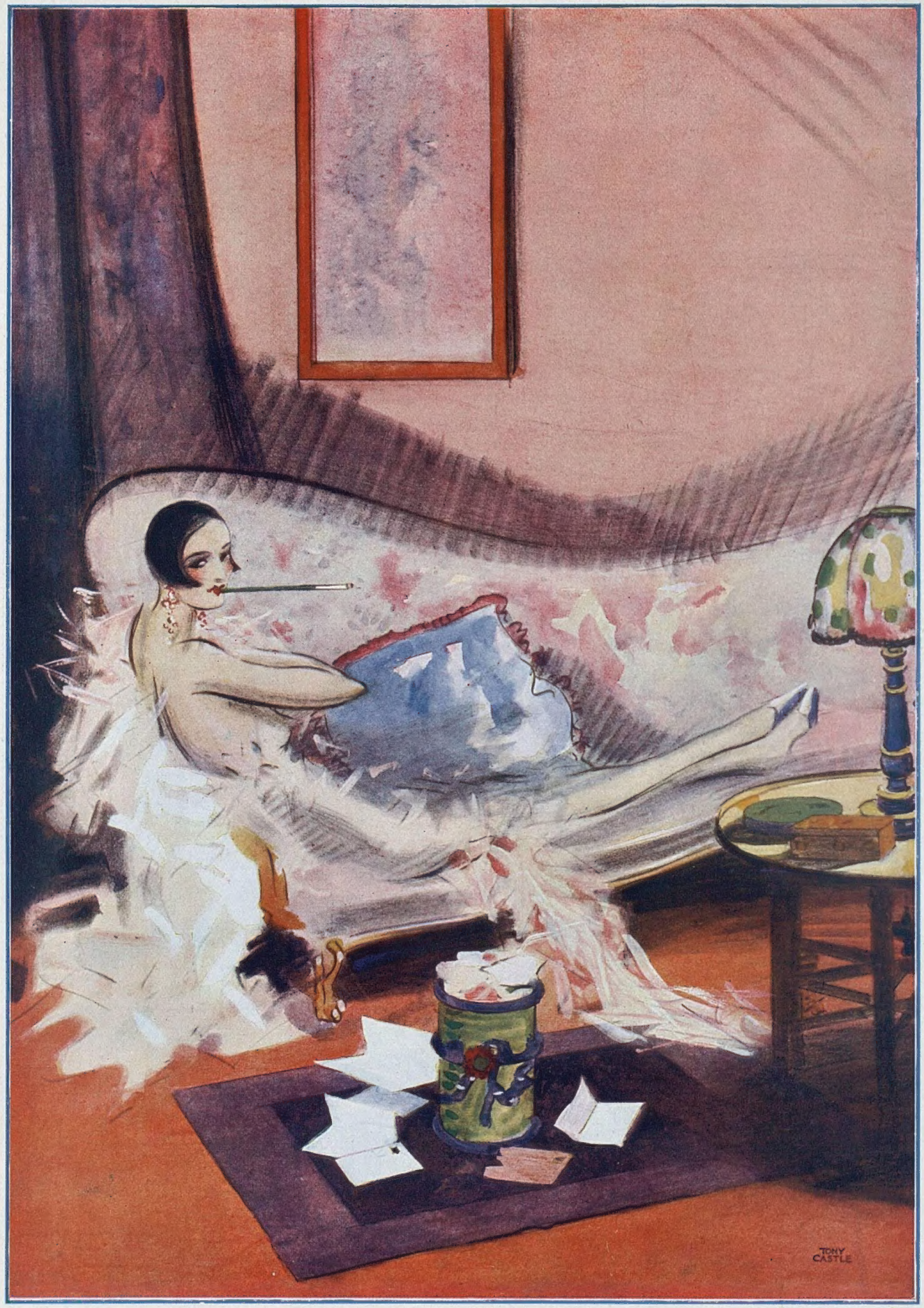
The Bystander, April 13, 1927 No. 1217. Vol. XCIV

The BYSTANDER



BY RICK ELMES

THE MINX



BY TONY CASTLE

THE VAMP

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY.

The Court at Windsor

THE beginning of Spring is one of the prettiest times of the year at Windsor, with the long stretch of trees down the Great Walk, powdered with the pale green of newly bursting leaves, and the King and Queen will have a comparatively restful month there in preparation for the heavy labours of the Season.

The King has reverted to the ancient custom of the Plantagenets in "keeping his Easter" at Windsor. During the King and Queen's residence there will be one very impressive function. This is the replacing of the banners of the Knights of the Garter in St. George's Chapel which were taken down and carefully stored away when the restoration of the chapel was begun a few years ago. The work is now completed, and the beautiful chapel is once more in its old glory.

Clothes and the Woman

THE afternoon Court which the King and Queen will hold during their visit to Holyrood, although mainly intended for Scottish folk who do not come to London, would, it was hoped, in some measure relieve the pressure upon the lists for the Buckingham Palace Courts. It was thought that many Scottish *débutantes* would prefer to make their first curtsey to Their Majesties in their native country.

But full Court dress, train, veil, and feathers, with all the splendour and glitter of an evening Court at Buckingham Palace, have infinitely more attraction than presentation in an afternoon dress at Holyrood, especially for those girls who are taking the first plunge into the world. So it may be that the heavy pressure upon the lists—to which I referred some little time ago, and which I fear will bring many disappointments—will not be materially relieved after all.

Resemblances to Royalty

SEVERAL French newspapers have been announcing the presence, whilst on a motor tour, of the Prince of Wales at this place and that, chiefly in Touraine and the surrounding provinces. Whether it is a case of mistaken identity or imposture one dosen't know, but in all probability it is the former. If so, it is not the first time insistence has been made that somebody else is one of the Royal Princes.

Even a slight resemblance to a Royal personage can be the cause of considerable embarrassment, as this little history voucheth. A young man who certainly has what the French call a *faux air* of one of the King's sons was bidden to spend a few days on board a yacht. When he arrived at the port

G.P.U.

IN THE HOSPITAL

The Queen chatting with Mrs. Postance during her recent visit to Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Mrs. Postance's fifth child was born on the day of her silver wedding

at which the yacht was to pick him up he found another guest, a man considerably older than himself, with a message from their host. Something had gone wrong, and the yacht couldn't get in until the next day. The two were therefore bidden to go to an hotel as their host's guests and wait for the boat.

During dinner the young man became conscious of a subtle change in the manner of the waiters. They became obsequious. Finally every dish was handed by the head waiter himself, the hotel manager hovering anxious round the serving table. When the meal was over the manager came up and, with a low bow, said:

"I trust your Royal Highness has been pleased with the dinner."

Alfieri

MISS BESWELL and MISS BOND

Sport and General

WELL OVER

The Prince of Wales on Lady Doon (right) and Capt. W. D. Stephenson on The Rook IV taking a jump in the Members' Light Weight Race. It was won by Capt. Stephenson

IN EAST ANGLIA

Two photographs from the recent West Norfolk Point-to-Point races. They took place at Necton, near Swaffham

The young man gasped, then asked the manager what on earth he meant.

"I recognised your Royal Highness immediately, although your equerry did not register you in your own name," came the smiling answer.

Nothing would convince the man that he was not sheltering a member of the Royal Family and his gentleman-in-waiting beneath his roof. To the asseverations of the young man and his fellow-guest there came only a discreet smile, and an assurance that "Your Royal Highness's wish for privacy shall be respected." News, however, of the "Royal" visit leaked out, and the next day the local paper had a long account of the unexpected honour done to the town.

That young man, I assure you, was thankful when the yacht appeared and he could get away. But to this day the people of that hotel declare, and firmly believe, that he was one of the Princes.

Probably much the same thing has happened in France, someone with a resemblance to the Prince of Wales being mistaken for the Heir to the Throne.

"THE RAIN IT RAINETH" *Alfieri*

Lady Warrender and Lady Grimthorpe caught by the photographer—and the rain—in the paddock. They are seen making the best of a bad job at the Uttoxeter races

BETWEEN RACES *Quick Pictures*

Miss June (left), Mrs. Duller, Miss Stanhope Joel, Mrs. Barnato, Miss Daisy Hyams and Miss Nancy Lovat "smile, please" for the photographer. They are seen at the Old Surrey and Burstow Point-to-Point recently held near Lingfield

Much in a Bonnet

I REMEMBER the resemblance of a well-known lady to Queen Victoria causing an amusing incident at the Diamond Jubilee. The old lady, I must admit, conscious of the likeness, accentuated it by wearing bonnets and clothes of practically the same pattern as those worn by the aged Queen.

In the space between the railings and the wall of Buckingham Palace Gardens along Constitution Hill seats had been erected for the families of people about the Court and other favourite individuals to see

L.N.A.

MR. JOHN GRETTON (left), LORD JOHN HOPE, LORD HOPETOUN, MISS C. GRETTON, the HON. MRS. MOUNTJOY FANE, MISS M. GRETTON, and the HON. MOUNTJOY FANE

WITH THE COTTESMORE
Spectators at and participants in a recent meet of the Cottesmore. It took place at Belton, near Uppingham

MRS. H. M. PRITCHARD and MRS. CRAWFORD

the procession. The seats were practically all occupied when down the centre of the roadway there came a bath-chair, pushed by a footman, a lady walking on either side. In the chair was a little old lady with an aquiline nose and snow-white hair appearing from beneath an immense bonnet of black and violet.

A rustle ran through the crowded seats, then suddenly everybody arose to their feet. It was the Queen, people thought, and, as somebody expressed it, "just taking a peep at things before the procession started." A moment's reflection would have shown the impossibility of such a proceeding; but crowds are sheep-like, and, all having risen to their feet, there was some annoyance when the little old lady was helped out of her chair by the two attendant ladies—her daughters—to a seat in the front row, and the footman trundled the bath-chair away. The little old lady herself was secretly delighted with this effect of her resemblance to her Sovereign, who shortly afterwards swept past in a gorgeous cavalcade on her way to St. Paul's.

Stockings and Splashes

It is a mystery to your Bystander why three-quarters of the young women in London are not in bed with 'flu or deadly chills. Wherever you go on a wet day—and we have had plenty of them lately with accompanying slush and mud—you see the backs of flesh-coloured stockings soaked through and through, even to the extent of dripping down, from the splashings of high heels. It cannot be particularly healthy to have cold mud plasters on your calves and ankles, yet that is what the silk-stockinged damsels endure on wet days.

On one particularly slushy day I happened to pass a theatre where people were queued up for a matinée. The backs of the stockings of nearly every woman were dripping wet and caked with mud. These same women without exception all wore

Photographs L.N.A.

MRS. ALEXANDER (left) MRS. VERE CHAPLIN, MRS. GUY FENNING and MRS. YORKE

shoes with paper-thin soles, so their feet must have been dripping wet, too.

Three hours of a matinée with stockings soaked from the calf downwards would open the door wide, I should think, to any germ of chill or 'flu that was hovering about.

One of the new modes in stockings for wet days is rather disconcerting. In Bond Street I saw a young woman wearing a pair of heather mixture woollen stockings with turned-down tops—exactly like those worn with plus fours by men—but above the turned-down top of the stocking was a space of flesh colour.

"Heavens!" I thought, "what will women do next? Bare knees on such a day as this!"

But when the damsel drew nearer I saw the flesh colour was pink silk stocking. She was wearing the woollen stockings over the others. Personally, I did not find that turned-down tops gave any grace to the lady's legs.

The International Theatre

I WONDER if the "Kola" will oust the Charleston or the Black Bottom? It is one of the national dances of the Jugo-Slavs, and is certainly very graceful, but probably it will never become popular because it is danced in a round, the dancers only holding hands. I saw it danced by some members of the Jugo-Slav Legation and other members of the Jugo-Slav colony at a reception of the International Theatre, at which the Jugo-Slav Minister, Mons. Georges Diouritch, received the guests. During the evening Mons. L. Smodlaka gave us a most interesting talk on Jugo-Slav dramatic art—a subject upon which until then we were all abysmally ignorant.

The object of the International Theatre is to present translations of plays of all countries which are not possible from the commercial point of the theatre, but which are instructive as showing the trend of foreign dramatic thought and expression. It is an interesting experiment to which is added a social side for those who are members in the receptions given from time to time, at each of which one particular country is represented.

City Press

A RECENT MARRIAGE

Mr. A. J. S. Todd photographed after his marriage to Miss Marjorie Moughton at St. Alban's Church, Golders Green. Mr. Todd is a nephew of Sir John Ellerman, the famous shipping magnate

Topical

A DAY WITH THE MEYNELL

A group taken at the recent meet of the Meynell at Thatched Lodge, Bagots Park, Staffs. Lieut.-Col. Chandos-Pole (left), Lady Maud Baillie and the Hon. Evan Baillie

Royal Caledonian Ball

OF all the charity balls given during the Season the Royal Caledonian Ball is the most important. This year—the seventy-ninth—it takes place on Monday, May 23, and, as usual, at the Hotel Cecil, with the Duke and Duchess of Atholl as its presidents. As you know, men in plain evening dress are not admitted. They must wear either full dress uniform, Highland dress, hunting pink, or have coloured facing on evening dress coats. All Highland ladies wear a scarf of their clan tartan. The list of patrons and patronesses, headed by the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales as Duke of Rothesay, and the Duke and Duchess of York as Earl and Countess of Inverness, shows that practically everybody of note in Scotland, from the Scottish dukes and duchesses downwards, have given their support, and the ball this year, I hear, promises to be more brilliant than ever. Tickets are 30*s.* each for gentlemen and 25*s.* each for ladies. You can get them from Lady Margaret MacRae, of Feorlinn, Colintraive, Argyll, or Captain Frank E. Stanley, 199, Piccadilly, W.1.

Lord Lovat

A GOOD many people of light and leading have been to South America during the last few months, some for pleasure, like Countess Beauchamp and her daughters; others, like Lord Lovat, on business. Lord Lovat succeeded the Earl of Clarendon as Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State in the Ministry of Dominion Affairs when the latter became Chairman of the British Broadcasting Corporation at the beginning of the year.

Lord Lovat is the head of Clan Fraser, and is descended from Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, who had the uncomfortable distinction of being the last person to be beheaded on Tower Hill. This was for his share in the Jacobite rebellion of 1745. During the Boer War Lord Lovat raised and commanded a regiment, known as Lovat's Scouts. In the Great War he served in Gallipoli, France, and Flanders, and was also a Director of Forestry. For the last post he had a particular qualification, as for years he had carried out a systematic afforestation on his Scottish property at Beauly, in Inverness-shire, an example which it is a pity other landowners do not follow.

Press Portrait Bureau

A NAVAL WEDDING

Lieutenant Reginald Pringle-Nicholson, R.N., photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Margaret Pringle, after their wedding at the Parish Church, Longhope, Gloucestershire. Lieutenant Pringle-Nicholson is the son of Admiral Sir William Nicholson

Lafayette

A DEBUTANTE OF THE SEASON

A recent portrait of Miss Nancie Connolly, the fourth daughter of the Hon Sir James Connolly and Lady Connolly, who is to be presented at Court this year. Her father, who has a distinguished record of public service, was Agent-General for Western Australia in London from 1917 to 1923

Beaufort Castle, the Lovat seat at Beauly, was originally built in the twelfth century, but very little of the original structure remains, the Castle having been destroyed more than once in the affrays the Lovats were always having with their neighbours in the days when the clans settled their differences amongst themselves and did not trouble about Royal jurisdiction. Lady Lovat is one of the three daughters of the late Lord Ribblesdale—"The Ancestor," as King Edward dubbed him—and was married from 10, Downing Street, where her aunt, Lady Oxford and Asquith, was then reigning as wife of the Prime Minister.

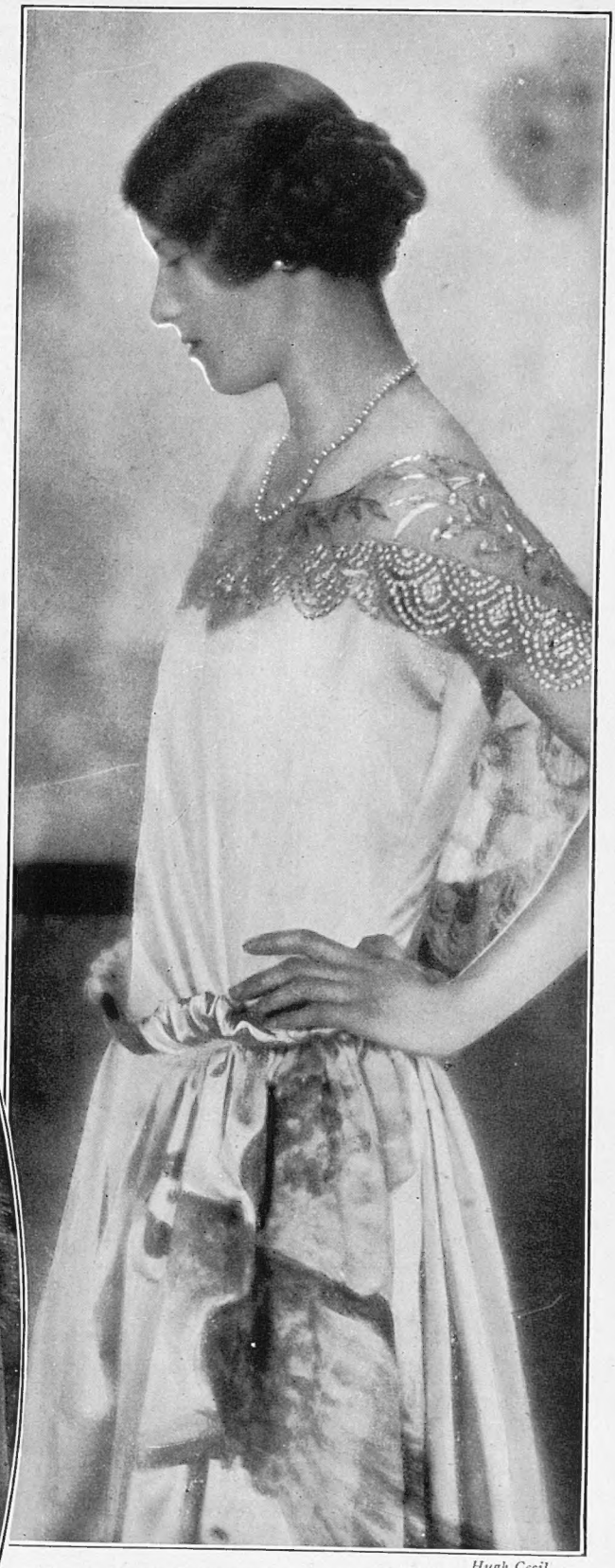
"The Dybbuk"

SOME little time ago the Forum Theatre Guild was formed to establish in the West End of London a permanent home for interesting British and foreign plays of outstanding merit, the programmes being chosen "with a view to the representation of the highest achievements of contemporary and earlier drama, and independently of merely commercial considerations." A similar Guild—the New York Theatre Guild—has been most successful in New York, and it is hoped that the subscribers to the Forum Theatre Guild will have the same advantage as the members of the American Guild in being able to see during the theatrical year a series of works whose performance elsewhere would be a matter of difficulty, if not of impossibility. Two-thirds of the seats at the Royalty Theatre have been reserved for subscribers—you subscribe to the Guild just as you subscribe for the Opera season—the rest are available for the public.

"The Dybbuk," a strange, eerie play, by a young Pole, S. Ansky, which is played in Jewry all the world over, is an example of the intention of the Forum Theatre Guild. No theatrical manager would dream of putting it on the stage, despite its intensity of drama. A "dybbuk" is a human spirit which takes possession of another person's body. In the play the spirit of a young man who dies enters into the body of the girl who was promised him in marriage,

MISS ROSEMARY GARNETT *Lafayette*

Who is engaged to Mr. Geoffrey Sieveking, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Sieveking, and is to be married in the near future. Miss Garnett is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Garnett, of Throttle Green, Wokingham



Hugh Cecil

THE DAUGHTER OF A DIPLOMAT

A new portrait of Miss Dorothea Helena Carnegie, the younger daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Lancelot Carnegie and the Hon. Lady Carnegie. Her father, who is a half-brother of Lord Southesk, has been British Ambassador at Lisbon since 1913

but who is being forced by her father to wed a rich suitor. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson gives a remarkable performance of Leah Sender, the Jewish maiden who is "possessed" by the spirit of her lover. She makes you feel that she is thinking with her lover's brain and speaking with his lips, more particularly in the scene where the "dybbuk" is exorcised by the Rabbi. Even a hint of over-emphasis, a suggestion of any exaggeration, would destroy the illusion of "possession." "The Dybbuk" is a haunting and arresting play, and the Guild is to be congratulated on its production in English for the first time.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

'A CORRESPONDENT SENT ME A VERY SENSIBLE COMPLAINT BY WAY OF AN EASTER EGG—'

HOWARD K. ELCOCK

'I'M AFRAID I MUST PLEAD GUILTY—'

'I AM ASKED, THEN, TO DEVOTE A LITTLE SPACE TO THOSE VISITORS WHO WILL FLOCK INTO TOWN THIS EASTER TIDE—'

'THEY WILL SAUNTER DOWN THE STRAND—'

My Easter Egg

A CORRESPONDENT has sent me a very sensible complaint, by way of an Easter egg. Apparently, he has paid me the compliment of reading these pages over a considerable period, and he reminds me that, when it comes to holidays, I am always trying to send the Londoner into the country instead of attracting the countryman to town.

Sick of the Shires

I'M afraid I must plead guilty. Being a Londoner by force of circumstances, I naturally incline to the theory that London is a place to get out of on every possible opportunity. Apparently I have over-done it, and my correspondent is quite right when he says that there are country people who get sick of the shires, just as there are city folk who sicken for the wide open spaces.

South of Southport

I AM asked, then, to devote a little space to those visitors who will flock into town this Eastertide. They will come from west of Westcliff, from north of Northampton, from south of Southport, and from east of Eastbourne. They will saunter down the Strand; ramble along Regent Street; and wander down Whitehall. They will probably be familiar with such conventional sights as the British Museum, Burlington House, the Brompton Oratory, and Buckingham Palace. They may even have seen, on previous visits, Cleopatra's Needle, Covent Garden, and the Crystal Palace.

Literary Associations

THAT being so, we must delve a little deeper in our attempt to provide entertainment for these Easter visitors. There is Carlyle's House in Chelsea, and there is the Charterhouse, originally a Carthusian Monastery, and now one of the most beautiful buildings in London. There is the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, and just adjacent, Goldsmith's House in Brick Court, and Johnson's House in Gough Square. Staple Inn, with further memories of Johnson, faces on to Holborn, and an hour in the Adelphi would not be wasted.

Cease to Sniff

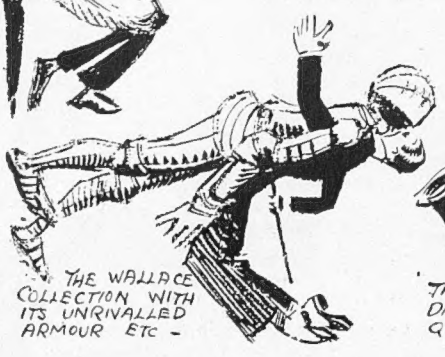
THE Londoner is probably beginning to sniff a little at this familiar catalogue, but I wonder if the Londoner has visited his own London Museum, at Lancaster House? My own impression of this wonderful exhibition is that it is the veritable home of solitude, and I doubt if one Londoner in fifty has ever seen it. The same remark applies to the Wallace Collection in Manchester Square, with its unrivalled collection of pictures, furniture, armour, porcelain, and enamels. And so, my dear Londoner, cease to sniff, I beg of you.

Provincial Productions

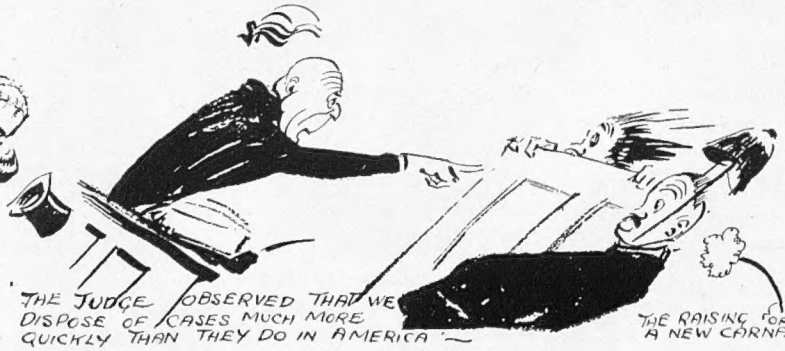
A THEATRICAL record was recently created by the first provincial production of three plays, destined for the West End, on the same evening. This practice of producing new plays in the provinces has been forced on managers by the fact that the average production is not ripe for criticism on its first night, the actors being nervous and the play itself being frequently under-rehearsed.

The New Order

ONE would imagine that the critics would welcome the new order of things and that they would prefer to sit in judgment on a production in its complete state. Not at all! The critics, at considerable personal inconvenience,



THE WALLACE COLLECTION WITH ITS UNRIVALLED ARMOUR ETC—



THE JUDGE OBSERVED THAT WE DISPOSE OF CASES MUCH MORE QUICKLY THAN THEY DO IN AMERICA—

THE RAISING OF A NEW CARNATION—

now chase the wretched manager to his Northern retreat, and come out next morning with a column of devastating disapproval —even though their judgment has to be 'phoned through to the head office at the end of the first act!

Calmer Councils

This is surely a matter for adjustment between the managers and the editors. No play can be adequately criticised amid the hectic surroundings of a first performance. Calmer councils are called for. There is a growing tendency in Paris to hold the *répétition générale* two and even three days after the first production. In this way errors of judgment are eliminated and justice is more frequently done. Managers, I am sure, will agree that they manage these things better in France.

Speed Merchants

While the jury were considering their verdict in a recent theatrical *cause célèbre,* Mr. Justice Horridge and Sir Patrick Hastings had one of those informal little chats which occasionally beguile the tedium of the Courts. The judge observed that we dispose of cases much more quickly than they do in America, and curiously enough this challenge to the transatlantic speed merchants was voiced on the day following Major Segrave's record run at Daytona Beach. "Are British Slow?" asks my morning paper. I trow not!

Fragrant Flowers

A gentleman who has raised a new carnation notable for its scent has been rewarded with a gold challenge cup. He also earns my sincere congratulations, for what they are worth. As a woman's crowning glory was formerly her hair, so the crowning glory of any garden is the scent of the flowers it contains. Let us have more fragrance—and still more fragrance, whatever it may cost us in challenge cups of silver or of gold.

We Are Amused

I have been greatly "intreeged" by the battle of ink that has been waged over the sunny shores of the French Riviera. One well-known publicist has gone pink at the gills with annoyance. To him, the Côte d'Azur is a blot on the face of the world, and Monte Carlo is a sink of iniquity. All the old conventional yarns of callous crooks and cold-blooded croupiers have been trotted out for our entertainment, and those of us who know the true facts of the case have not failed to be amused.

Simple Facts

What are the facts of the case? The natural beauties of the Riviera cannot be denied. The high average of winter sunshine is a simple fact that is known to all. People who gamble at Monte Carlo are the same people who gamble at Epsom and Ascot. If you doubt that the Riviera is the home of perpetual youth, consider the schoolgirl complexions of Lady de Bathe and Mrs. Brown Potter. Finally, high prices only exist because English visitors seem willing and anxious to pay them.

Do You Know?

America sent us the Cross-word Puzzle, and from America comes the Cross-Examination or Questionnaire, which seems likely to take its place. Viewed from the right angle there is a lot to be said for this new competition. All you have to do is to think out a dozen general knowledge questions, and leave it to the rest of the world to answer them, but whether the rest of the world will oblige I can't say.

That Trade Unions Bill

I am not exactly what you would describe as a dyed-in-the-wool politician, but I am all in favour of the Government's Trade Unions Bill. Under the Picketing Clause I note that it may soon be an offence "for one or more persons to attend a house for the purpose of inciting any person to work." Neither may they incite him not to work, but that is a detail with which I am not particularly concerned. The second proviso is introduced merely to prove that the Government is not bigoted, and I admire them for that.

By David Wilson

AN EASTERN EASTER—PROFESSOR AUSTEN'S ORIENTAL OMELETTE!

Let Me Sleep On!

Henceforth no person or persons may attend any house in order to incite me to work. That is the important thing. I am having that clause printed in red ink and neatly framed. It will hang above the couch on which I sleep while I am dreaming out my best bits. It will be a warning to my wife and others that I may not be disturbed under penalty of a fine not exceeding £100 or three months' imprisonment.

A Shocking Insinuation

A shrewd blow has been dealt at the growing practice of growing side-whiskers of the Valentino pattern. These, writes a correspondent to my morning paper, "give elegance and distinction to many a plain face." Can we suppose that any fashion could survive such a shocking insinuation? Picture a young gentleman, radiant in side-whiskers, having such an innuendo hurled at him—the innuendo being, of course, that but for his whiskers his face would be as plain as a pike-staff.

REGATTA WEEK AT CANNES *Topical*

Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis's "Valente" and Mr. Reuf's "Danie" photographed tacking for position in the 7-ton class during the racing in Cannes Bay at the recent Cannes regatta

RIVIERA NOTES

BRILLIANT weather marked the opening of the Cannes Yachting Fortnight, with an excellent sailing breeze. The harbour was crammed to the very entrance with as handsome a collection of yachts of all sizes—largely British—as the Riviera has ever seen, while the scores of sailing craft taking part in the various competitions made a most delightful spectacle in the bay. The *concours d'élégance* for yachts' motor launches for the silver trophies presented by Lieut.-Commander Montague Grahame-White was the first item on the lengthy programme, and aroused great interest. The jury, which was presided over by General Sir Arthur Paget, our oldest and keenest yachtsman here, unanimously awarded the prize to the smart turnout from Mr. Urban Broughton's yacht "Sapphire," and other yachts which sent launches along included the Duke of Westminster's "Cutty Sark," Madame Herriot's "Ailée," Mr. Burton's "Clever Girl," the "Karen" of M. Henri Lilaz, and Commander Grahame-White's "Ianara," the latter, of course, being *hors concours* but proving the fastest craft in the race to the Islands and back.

THE whole district has been considerably livened up by the presence at Golfe-Juan of a section of the British Mediterranean Fleet, and the officers and men from four cruisers and half a dozen destroyers, thanks to a liberal allowance of shore leave, have been having a great time and appearing everywhere. Two smart naval weddings at the Royal Memorial Church of St. George at Cannes attracted large crowds, and many of the guests went on afterwards to the extremely cheery *thé dansant* and garden party given at the Villa Springland by the always hospitable and generous Lady Boot, who had managed at very short notice to collect one of the biggest and best-looking crowds of pretty girls I have ever seen. Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, Duc and Duchesse de Durazzo, Sir Francis and Lady Elliot, Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield, Lady Louisa Hamilton, Lady Bedford, Mrs. Guy Kynaston Cross, Mrs. Brame Hillyard, Colonel Mayes, and Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Williams were among the large number of guests invited to meet the officers.

PRINCE GEORGE seems to like Cannes immensely, for he has been seen in the town almost daily during the past week, usually finishing up at the Gondola Club at night for a dance. The Crown Prince of Denmark has just arrived at the Hôtel des Pins, and local hostesses are hoping for the privilege of meeting and entertaining him. The Earl of Balfour, after a short visit to the Balsans at Eze, is now staying with Miss Amy Paget at the Château Garibondy, a most picturesque old country house near Cannes, which almost adjoins the estates of Lord Wolverton and Sir David and Lady Yule. He has played tennis each afternoon since his arrival, in his first match having as his partner Countess Schulenberg, the German champion, and as his opponents Sir Arthur Crosfield and Miss Padwick. Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield have since returned to their home at Highgate, and on the eve of their departure they gave a farewell dinner party at the Ambassadeurs, their guests including the ex-King Manoel of Portugal and Queen Augusta Victoria, the Earl of Balfour, the Duke and Duchess of Vendôme, Lady Wavertree, Baron and Baroness Michiel, Miss Amy Paget, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fairfax, Colonel Mayes, and M. Mouravieff-Apostol.

OTHER recent arrivals in Cannes include Vice-Admiral Sir Henry and Lady Pelly, at the Hôtel Alsace-Lorraine, Sir Ernest and Lady Lamb at the Bellevue, Viscount and Viscountess Portman at the Carlton, Lady (William) Price, from Canada, at the Beau-Site, and Lady Myrtle Jellicoe, who is staying with Mrs. Riddiford at the Windsor. Sir Walter Runciman is here with a party of friends on the "Sunbeam," and many others are coming for Easter. The Russian Ballet of Serge Diaghileff gave a gala performance at the Casino a few nights ago in aid of local charities, and the theatre was filled to capacity with one of the most notable audiences of the whole season.

WHILE many of the winter visitors are beginning to drift homeward from Monte Carlo others who know the special charms of the Riviera in Springtime are constantly arriving. The countryside is now approaching its very best, and the private villa gardens for which the Côte d'Azur is famous are a blaze of colour. The Earl of Kintore, Major-General and Mrs. C. M. Ross-Johnston, and Colonel and Mrs. Grafton-Young are at the Metropole, and Sir George Bettesworth Piggott has also returned after a few weeks in Cannes. The King of Sweden is staying with friends at Monte Carlo, and his younger son, Prince Wilhelm, after a lecture tour in the United States, has come direct from Cherbourg to Nice, where he will remain until his father leaves the Riviera, which will be much later than originally planned, for the King has accepted an invitation to go to Spain before returning to Sweden.

LORD AND LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN are among other prominent visitors to the Principality, and have been dining out a good deal, and many fresh arrivals are expected for the last of the tennis tournaments of this season, which begins at La Festa Courts on April 11. The galas at the Salle Empire at the Hôtel de Paris and at the Ambassadeurs and other equally popular resorts continue to run very successfully, and there are as usual many private parties at Ciro's and the Carlton every week. Mr. Osborne O'Hagan's musical receptions are as fashionable and as well attended as ever, and he gave his guests a great treat last Sunday afternoon, when Miss Phyllis Archibald, Madame Marie Jeanne Soudan and M. Henri Wagemans—the latter solo violinist to the Prince of Monaco and an immense local favourite — contributed to an exceptionally fine programme.

D. W. T.

Topical

THE SPIRIT OF ETERNAL YOUTH

Lord Balfour photographed on the courts at Cannes, where he has gone for a holiday

A Royal Outing with Rod and Line

WINDING HIM IN

The Duchess of York landing a capture during a fishing expedition in the Bay of Islands. During a break from the official routine of the Royal travellers in New Zealand, in the course of half an hour's angling, she caught twenty fish

Photographs *G.P.U.*

THE END OF THE TUSSLE

The Duke of York, who is a keen and expert angler, was afforded some really good sport when fishing at Russell, in New Zealand. He is seen securing a 130 lb. shark, which he captured after a hard fight

NEW FEATURE

PLAYING *the* GAME

By "PENDARVES"

The Varsity Controversy

THERE seems to have been a good deal of rubbish shot upon the public recently about "Oxford's decadence" at what people call loosely "sport," engendered largely because Cambridge ran away with the Sports at nine events to two. The argument being that games at Oxford are no longer "smart": that there are too many "tea parties" and undergraduettes to keep men away from the job of the game: that old Oxford men "are seriously worried": that Rhodes scholars have it all their own way, etc., etc. The best answer to all this hyperbole is surely figures? Here they are, *in extenso*, since the two Varsities faced each other officially on turf and Thames:—

Event.	Oxford.	Cambridge.	Ties.
Athletics	25	28	6
Association football	22	21	6
Boat race	40	38	1
Cricket	36	42	10
Hockey	14	16	3
Rugby football ..	22	18	9
	159	163	35

Here you see Oxford leading in the Boat Race and both games of footer; and Cambridge in athletics, hockey, and cricket. In other words, there is nothing in it. A fact which all sensible Cambridge men would be the first to admit. Added to which, Oxford's performance the other day in rough water behind a stroke who had only been in the boat a week should be a pretty conclusive silencer to those who talk about lack of keenness. You don't hear men at either University talking in this strain, naturally. It is "those others." A murrain on them!

The Shy Game

YOU see in several places that cricket "will open quietly" at the end of this month. Why "quietly"? There never were brass bands at the turnstiles: nor pestilential char-a-bancs, with rattlers, going to and from the ground. Imagine Lord's invaded in this manner! How many of the older members of the M.C.C. would have a stroke?

Still, cricket always was a quiet game. People sitting on the Mound at Lord's, under a hot sun, hat well down over eyes, pipe drooping dangerously, say "Thank heaven for that! Eh? Who got him? Deep third man? Oh, thanks very much." The New Zealand team will furnish the fireworks, one hopes, giving the season something of an international flavour. They are said to be a very good side who will give most of the Counties a close game. I understand they will not follow the New Zealand tradition and play all in black. The Ovalites will have a great match in August when Yorkshire is there and the proceeds of the game go to that most popular little man, Sandham. As a partner to "Jackobbs" in some of their famous (and, at the Oval, vociferous) stands against heavy odds, his tale is one of the most brilliant in the modern history of the game. An outstanding personality, and beloved of all those gallant gentlemen who encourage him from the boundaries with remarks like "Go on agin, boy! *That's* ther stuff ter give 'em." . . . Nothing shy about this game as it is played under the Kennington gasometers: stark, flaming reality is the order of all those joyous days.

Sport and General

ON THE TAPE

The end of the Long Distance Relay Race at the Achilles Club's meeting at Queen's Club. V. E. Morgan is seen winning for Charterhouse

Writing of "Pros.," it was a welcome sight to see Arthur Gilligan's outspoken comments on some aspects of snobbery during the Indian tour. It is inconceivable in these days that anyone should offer hospitality to a cricket team, excluding the professionals: than whom, as a whole, you could not easily find a more charming set of men in any social gathering.

A 50,000 Close-up

A NEW game has been sprung upon us: Ice Hockey. You have not really been through the gamut of the thrills until you have seen this game played by the experts. The excitement at the Anglo-Canadian International recently necessitated two double brandies to bring my companion round afterwards. The great point about it is that it is played right under your nose, at tremendous speed, with tremendous skill, and with continually fluctuating fortune. You can see every expression on the faces of the players, which is not possible at football, or any of the other nerve-jarring things. Moreover, you can, and of course do, bet upon it. Ice hockey enthusiasts, like Mr. Basil Johnson, of Rolls-Royce fame, predict that very soon the demand for seats at the big matches will be so great that a Stadium holding 50,000 people will have to be built, and will be profitable. We have yet to be informed how they are all going to get a close-up view. This is essential. There is no interest in looking at an ice hockey game from a bedroom window in Switzerland, as every winter sportsman knows. But no doubt some brainy architect will get over this difficulty.

Alfieri

A CLOSE FINISH

The final of the Quarter Mile in the Westminster School sports being won by W. E. Heard. W. B. Sheldon was a close second

No Saturday Golf

A FAMOUS physician has just told me, in print—I haven't paid for the advice, thank goodness—that I must rest on Saturday, after a trying week at the office, and play only on Sunday, thus getting rid of those awful headaches and general feeling of lassitude on the Monday. I wonder how many divot diggers are going to follow this guiding principle? The reason I feel rotten on Monday is because it *is* Monday: that's all. Imagine the strong, silent man, living on the edge of the links, having caught an early Saturday train, being

ENGLAND IN POSSESSION *Central Press*

A. T. Young, England's scrum-half, gets the ball out during the recent International against France at Paris, when France scored her first victory against England

THE VICTORIOUS ENGLISH XI *Topical*

The English team which scored a victory by two goals to one over Scotland at Hampton Park, Glasgow. The players are, standing: Edwards (left), Brown, Brown, Dean, Bishop and Jones. Seated: Hulme (left), Goodall, Hill, Rigby and Page

" Army-In-India " team, plus ponies, plus a cloud of syces, to America to retrieve the Westchester Cup, at an " estimated " cost (and you know what *that* means) of £21,000. However, this is a sum on the credit side of the account, as it were, since the cost of the last Hurlingham team to America from England was a little matter of £27,000. Men who can afford to play it say, very naturally, that there is nothing on earth to equal it.

The Looker-on

THOSE of us who watch it, with avidity and absorption, say it is unquestionably the most beautiful game from a purely æsthetic point of view. Personally, I should always be thinking at the end of every game what I had last said to my Income Tax man, and whether he had sneaked into the ground.

But of course these polo patricians have chartered accountants to do all this sort of thing for them. Their part in the proceedings is much more simple. They merely sign the forms, with gold pens. PENDARVES.

... up by a neighbour who offers him three bisques and half a crown, replying, " No, ol' man, thanks all the same: I must rest to-day: doctor's orders, and all that. What? Oh, I've got a couple of cross-word puzzles to finish: I shall be all right—don't you worry about me." Sh-urr-upp!

Golfing Authors

ABE MITCHELL has joined the ranks, peopled by most of his brethren, by producing yet another book on golf. He calls it " Essentials of Golf," and its pages, very well illustrated, contain all the essentials you have heard Pros expounding; and some that you have not. He cannot, of course, be left out of the Golfing Pros' Library: it would not be right. But what always puzzles me is the last state of the man who has read ALL the Pros' books? Has his game sensibly improved? Or in which Mental Home is he residing? And if to read only *one* Pro's gospel —which Pro?

The Most Expensive Game

I SUPPOSE the palm can be given to Polo, when all is said and done. Here we are sending an

THE SCOTTISH TEAM *Topical*

Which lost to England on their own ground for the first time since 1904. The photograph shows, standing: Gibson (left), Morrison, Harkness, Cunningham, McMullan and Thomson. Seated: McPhail (left), Gallacher, McStay, McLean and Morton

An "Over the Sticks" Occasion in Wiltshire

British Illus.
LADY FOLKESTONE and CAPTAIN WIGGIN

British Illus.
COLONEL ADAMS. LADY HALSEY, MRS. CECIL HANBURY and BRIG.-GEN. GODLEY

British Illus.
MR. LEVESON-GOWER and MISS SAUNDERS

Alfieri
CAPTAIN and MRS. VINCENT

Photographs
LADY CAROLINE AGAR and VISCOUNT SOMERTON

Alfieri
LADY MAINWARING and the EARL OF PEMBROKE with MISS DIANA and MISS ZARA MAINWARING

Some of those who were present at the recent Wilton Hunt Point-to-Point meeting. This was held at Toyd, near Martin, in Wiltshire, and was well attended despite the April weather

MY FIRST EASTER HOLIDAY.

By Basil Macdonald Hastings.

Illustrations by LEO CHENEY

FOR the first time in my life I found myself going away for Easter. Up till this year I stayed where I was for Easter and asked friends to stay with me. That was because I lived by the sea. Now I do not live by the sea, and so have joined the ranks of those who visit its margin at Eastertide.

(No one ever talks of "margin" or "Eastertide," but it gets you a certain respect to write in that way.)

Opposite me in the train was a very obese gentleman smothered in fur linings, astrakhan collar and cuffs, torpedo cigar, and shiny pot-hat. His eyes and nose and mouth had all gone into the fat of his face to hide. Chins rippled down his waistcoat.

One window was shut and the other was half open. It was a cold day, and I sat by the half-open window.

"Do you mind if I pull this up?" I asked, putting on my short smile.

"I shall have something to say if you don't," snapped the oyster cemetery. Then he seemed to reflect that perhaps he need not have put it so bluntly as that, and added: "I'm not one of your 'ardship fiends."

Come to that, nor am I. I shall never be smothered with fur and astrakhan. I cannot afford cigars, but I have been knitted a pull-over of bright colours, which always wins me the first game of lawn tennis, no matter how I have to wince for the rest of the set.

Then I wear woollen knitted socks and thick shirts; while as for my Raglan overcoat—people keep crowding round me when I am mounting 'buses. They all seem to want to feel the thickness of the cloth. Oh, I'm a regular one for comfort.

I conveyed something of this to my travelling companion. He lowered the window at his end, spat out, and then drew up the window again.

"A churl," I reflected, and then gave myself up to my own thoughts.

I was going away early for Easter in order to avoid the holiday rush. The holiday rush means the agony of pressing crowds, overcrowded trains, and perhaps the necessity of having to stand all the way. Every suburban City-going person endures this every morning and every evening except on Sundays, but only at Easter, Whitsun, August Bank Holiday, and Christmas do they complain about it.

If I were an artist I would draw a picture of a man hanging on by his teeth to the rear of the guard's van and telling a friend on the platform that he cannot go away with him at the approaching Easter because of his dread of the holiday rush

"Insisted on opening the last bottle of Ramsbottom *Frères*"

I was seated in a first-class carriage. For this I had a reason. I don't do it always, and when I do I lean out at all stations in case there be an acquaintance on the platform.

I do not pretend to be more than a second-class man. I cannot somehow feel third-class, because third-class people must be those who pick up my cigarette-ends or are employed as greasers. I am above a greaser but below a geezer, who is aristocratic and has a nasty cough. Thus I am second-class, and they have abolished second-class on the railways.

I travelled first-class this time in order to make an impression on my host, who was meeting me. I decided to sit in my first-class seat till he approached me at the other end and saw that I was first-class. Oh, believe me, it makes a difference.

When I met a guest at the

station in the old days and he got out of a third-class carriage, I knew his weight at once.

"Don't mind carrying your bag up, do you? Or shall I? . . . Oh, why not let me, old thing? I carry up my own often enough."

That always got him. He would resignedly lug his bag up the hill whether he liked it or not, and by the time he had recovered his breath you could bluff him into drinking tea and didn't have to mention whisky and soda.

But if your guest stepped out of a first-class carriage you surrendered at once, almost touched your hat, seized his bag, and ran about screaming "Porter! porter!" You hailed a taxi, and when you got your first-class guest home you insisted on opening the last bottle of Ramsbottom *Frères*, whether your wife scowled or not.

When we reached our destination the man, who must have eaten ten thousand plovers' eggs since the day he "made good," heaved himself along the carriage and bellowed through the window for a porter. Then he sat down with a "plomp" opposite me.

"You goin' to the big 'otel?"

"I am staying with friends."

"Oh! . . . Thought I might have given you a lift."

I was touched, deeply touched. The man who was not a hardship fiend was a good man, a man who, if not definitely attracted to me, did not wish me to be gnawed to death by wild apes. I began to think more of myself.

The train stopped, and my benevolent acquaintance got out. I bade him "Good afternoon," and as he walked away I reflected that he might be a good employer or a moneylender with a heart.

Just then I saw my friend looking down the train. He had one of the children with him and the dog. Yes, I remembered that dog. If ever an animal deserved to be called a "dog" he did.

To my annoyance, my friend looked only into third-class carriages. As soon as he reached the first-class portion he turned back. Drat the man! If I know anything of hosts, this meant something described as "pot luck" for supper and perhaps a respectable joint for Easter Sunday only.

Then my friend's child saw me leaning out of the first-class carriage and pulled her father to enjoy the spectacle of me struggling with a refractory handle.

"First-class, is it? Don't we do ourselves well nowadays? What is it, old boy? Football coupons?"

I smiled thinly, bent to kiss the child, got licked in the face by the disgusting dog, and waited for the man to call a porter for my bag.

That call never came.

"I'm awfully sorry not to be able to lend a hand with your bag, but I strained my elbow in the garden this morning. However, it isn't far."

The child took my hand, and the dog scratched and smeared my heavy cowhide bag. My heart was near to bursting, and perhaps it was a little punctured.

When we arrived at the station yard I called a taxi. Meekly my host, child, and dog got in. Outside a wine-shop I bade the driver stop. I went inside and ordered a bottle of Ramsbottom *Frères* and told the vintner to put it down to my friend's account.

Then I re-entered the taxi and was borne to my friend's house. I got out first and rapidly went indoors. I left my host on the kerb gazing fearfully at the taxi meter.

Blame me? If a man wants a guest for Easter he must treat him like a guest for Easter. And there's nothing like a perfect understanding from the start. I'm poor, sir, but I'm no hardship fiend. B. M. H.

By Charles Buchel

"SCARAMOUCHE"

An impression of Sir John Martin-Harvey as "Scaramouche" in the play of that name by Rafael Sabatini, which opens at the Garrick Theatre on Easter Monday

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"Your husband," said the doctor, as he surveyed Alcoholic Algie, "is suffering from acute syncopation."

"What on earth is that?"

"It is an irregular movement from bar to bar!"

'Midst "The Glory of the Garden"

MISS OLIVE ISMAY

Miss Compton Collier

A camera study of Miss Olive Ismay in the charming grounds of Iwerne Minister House, at Blandford, in Dorset. Mrs. James Ismay is giving a dance for her on May 27

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

THE Communists declare that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a silly sheep. But what does the ravening Ram say?

. . . . . .

WE read that films of desert life are still popular. We suppose they still bring in sheikels of gold.

. . . . . .

IT is said that the modern girl is not domesticated. Yet we saw our youngest daughter yesterday scrubbing paint!

. . . . . .

A TELEPHONE operator has just been divorced for the third time. Her number's up!

. . . . . .

WORCESTER is said to be the queen city of the Midlands. Antiquaries trace its rise to its sauce.

. . . .

FOR flirting in a London hospital a nurse has been dismissed. It is understood that she was nursing a grievance.

. . . .

A PRELATE says that swearing is unlovely. But did not Gilbert declare "There is beauty in the bellow of the 'blast'"?

. . . .

"MAY, why on earth do you call your *fiancé* 'April'?"

"Because dear, he brings May flowers!"

. . . .

A THOUGHT for to-day:—A widow who re-marries can always sing the praises of her late husband because dead men tell no tales!

. . . .

FLAPPERS are now wearing miniatures of their admirers on their shoe-buckles. We expect this means that they only want to keep their sweethearts at their feet.

EMBRACERY is the offence of attempting to corrupt a Court of Justice. This definition will be a shock to some flappers.

. . . . . .

CERTAIN chief constables object to women policemen. Certain burglars also object to fair cops.

. . . . . .

A DOCTOR says that bacon for breakfast is injurious. That strikes us as gammon!

. . . . . .

IT used to be said that a man would hide behind a woman's skirts. He'd find it difficult nowadays.

. . . . . .

A ROAD-MENDER has submitted a picture to the Royal Academy. If accepted, he will be the first Macademician.

. . . . . .

He wrote round to the stage-door. "You must remember me because after your song I was the one who clapped!"

. . . . . .

"AND what," remarked the corpulent husband, "d'you think would happen to you if I died?" "Well then, dear, the fat would be in the fire!"

. . . . . .

WHO was the actor of whom it was written:—"He played Hamlet from eight to eleven-thirty!"

Whene'er I travel to my humble dwelling,
Compelled within the crowded Tube to ride,
The sad, salt teardrops to my eyes come welling;
I, too, feel full inside!

Not for myself I feel these pangs of Hades;
I'm one of those long-suffering patient chaps:
It is the thought of all those lovely ladies,
Clinging to swinging straps.

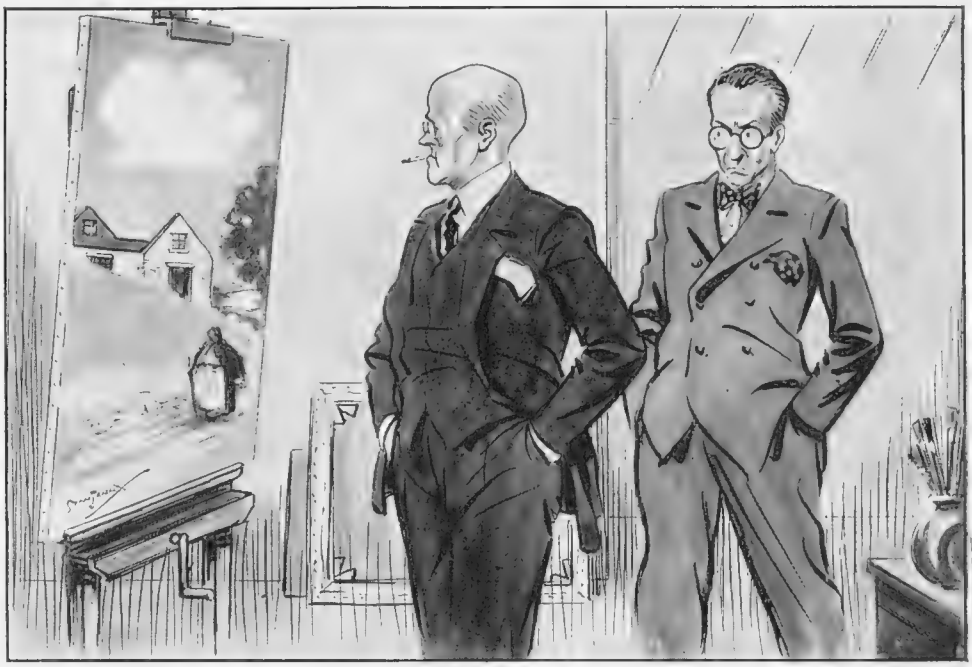
How often have I watched a crowd of girls caught
In those "rush hours" that ought to be taboo,
And seen 'em stand 'tween Walham Green and Earl's Court,
On their ten tootsies, too!

That is the sordid sight that tortures me, sir,
Upon my travels to and fro from Town,
For though each stands upon her dignity, sir,
'Tisn't like sitting down!

So I've resolved in future (if I'm seated),
To close my eyes and shade them with my hand,
Because I hate—oh, seven times repeated—
To see a lady stand!

. . . . . .

FROM a feuilleton: "The rain started to come down in sheets." Unfortunately, those are the sheets one cannot get between.



BY STAN TERRY

TAKING COVER

FRIEND: "But my dear fellow, you've painted the cottage without a roof"
ARTIST: "Exactly—give those darned critics the chance to slate it!"

Wholly Unnecessary!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

One of the quaint old machines still occasionally to be met with in the wilder parts of Scotland for making the holes for Scottish golf courses

Produced March 2nd, 1927

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THIS play, as we know, has been seen in London before, though it is doubtless new to the younger generation. It is, of course, sheer melodrama built according to standard specification, with the mother weeping for her "che-ild" and the "stern parient" thrown in. But it is here lifted out of the commonplace by the superb, if somewhat energetic, art of Miss Pauline Frederick. If the amiable Frenchman who said that the English take their pleasures sadly could return to life, he would probably want to pat himself on the back at the sight of so many people who have paid away good money in order to be perfectly miserable. It is well known that there are ladies who like to go to the theatre "to have a good cry," and this play should fill the bill for them generously. The sobbing is at times so vigorous that you can almost feel your seat vibrating under you; while some of the ladies apparently develop hiccups as well, so that they must be enjoying themselves immensely.

MR. OWEN ROUGHWOOD is the stern Floriot who in the Prologue tells everyone that his wife is dead, when the truth is that she merely stooped to folly with a livelier lad than her solemn owl of a husband. After two years Jacqueline turns up again at the old home weeping contritely. She has heard that her child is ill, and not unnaturally wants to see him. Floriot's reply is a peremptory order to his wife to clear out. After some more weeping she obeys him, perhaps a little too meekly. Some mothers would have refused to go, and would in case of need have hung on to the furniture or the balusters to counter the misplaced activity of the chucker-out. But if Jacqueline had done that in the present case she would have bent the plot too severely for further use, and she is obliged therefore to act the part as written.

THEN twenty years elapse. During that hectic period of her life Jacqueline has been to various parts of South America making a precarious living by taking in temporary husbands. When we next meet her she has got back home as far as Bordeaux, under the protection of M. Laroque, who has just got a job with a firm of professional blackmailers. He has never been told Jacqueline's real name, but he has gathered enough of her history to figure out that her husband is now a distinguished Judge who would doubtless be rather glad of the chance to suppress the evidence that his cast-off wife is practically a nymph of the pavement. He might even add to his payments on account for the sake of his son, of whom Jacqueline is the mother. Why not, since business is business? Jacqueline forbids him to have anything to do with her people, and when he insists that he is going on with the very profitable enterprise, she snatches a revolver from the mantelpiece, where it had been thoughtfully laid a few moments previously, and shoots the fellow dead.

THE next act is a little thin owing to the absence of Jacqueline. But it probably surpasses the wit of a dramatic author to bring his heroine out of her prison cell for a while so that she can shed a welcome sob or so around the old home. The act therefore resolves itself merely into a shuffling of the cards for the next deal. By a nice adjustment of the long arm of coincidence, Raymond Floriot, the sick child of the Prologue and now a grown man, has been briefed for the defence of a woman charged with murder in the first degree. He knows nothing of the woman, who since her incarceration has maintained an obstinate silence, and who has accordingly been ticketed up in the prison books as "Madame X."

IAN FLEMING AS RAYMOND
PAULINE FREDERICK
AS JACQUELINE

WE thus come to some very intense drama indeed. It is made clear to us that, unknown to all parties concerned, even to himself, Raymond Floriot is now being called upon to fight for the life of the mother whom he is unable to recognise, the mother who, out of her great love for him and his honour, shot to kill. The big scene that is to come has been vividly outlined, and the cheers that greet the fall of the curtain on this act are those of anticipation rather than of approval. Foreseeing the nervous strain ahead of them, gentle flappers bring out their handkerchiefs, while strong men go out and get a fortifying drink.

THE Court is open, the local colour and procedure being doubtless guaranteed by the management. In the dock, guarded

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BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

THE WORLD FORGETTING

EASTER MORNI

NG IN SEVILLE

BY FRANK M. LEA

SIGNS OF SPRING—OR WHAT?!

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,—

LET us commune together on what used to be a forbidden subject, but what is now a matter of everyday observation, speculation, and, sometimes, condemnation, namely—legs. There are secrets to be revealed, *amies Bystandresses,* tips to be garnered, helpful hints to be gleaned. After which you ought to be able to win prizes, or at least bushels of praise. They are not my secrets, I hasten to say. They are

"I consume,' she said, 'immense quantities of *pattes de grenouilles*'"

those of Mlle. Mistinguett, our incomparable, our one and only, unchanging, one is almost tempted to say eternal, save that the term has been appropriated for Mlle. Cécile Sorel.

MADEMOISELLE "MISS," supreme Dictator of the music-halls, has been revealing beauty secrets. Which means—for most of you know that Mademoiselle's beauty is principally associated with *jambes sans pareilles* that are insured for a million—that the secrets relate to legs and have nothing in common with the ordinary beauty-parlour recommendations. *Alors,* a man of vast and hitherto unknown courage has been audacious enough to ask Mistinguett what she does to preserve that impeccable line, and "Miss," with unexpected candour, has frankly replied that it is due to a very special diet. "I consume," she said, "immense quantities of *pattes de grenouilles.*"

AND thus is it once more established what great results arise from small origins. All that you need to do is to eat heartily of the feet of frogs and you will acquire a perfect understanding like that on which Mistinguett has skipped about the Paris stage for more years than it is possible to count. . . . Always providing, as they say in the legal contracts, that she was distributing the advice really seriously, about which doubt is ever permissible, for "Miss," as well as being a trained leg-twinkler, is also a practised leg-puller, and there is a slightly suspicious look about the additional information that she imbibes the juice of carrots to conserve the *reflet roux* of her shingled hair.

PARIS was thrilled for a little more than twenty-four hours by an astounding rumour that was circulating in the *cercles* and in the *dancings.* None other than M. Zographos, it was said, had become a chauffeur. He had been seen seated at the wheel of an outside-drive Talbot, stationed in front of a Champs Elysées restaurant and in other equally prominent places. This was an easy start for rumours that the famous Greek "syndicate" had collapsed. M. Zographos, as you may know, is one of the handful of Greeks who take the biggest "banks" in the quiet rooms where they play for the highest stakes at

"I don't think the Parisians are likely to be influenced"

"A man of vast and hitherto unknown courage"

Deauville and Cannes, handling millions in the "season."

IT seemed a terrible downfall. There was a natural wonderment as to what had become of the other Greeks of the unbeatable syndicate, to what menial tasks had they descended after throwing about wads of thousand-franc notes as if they had no more value than *sous.* And then somebody had the idea of addressing the chauffeur as M. Zographos and he did not recognise the name. It was just a "double." Clubmen, who had begun to have their doubts about baccarat after what they had looked upon as the failure of the acknowledged masters breathed again and there was much more heartiness that night in the cries of "banco."

PROPRIETORS of the Montmartre *dancings* are engaging in a campaign of bluff. A few weeks ago they announced, after holding a "mass" meeting, that they would close down entirely within about a fortnight unless the Government considerably reduced the *taxe de luxe* and took off some of the other taxes, which, according to them, absorbed about 60 per cent. of their takings—when they had any takings. And as they had no takings at all just then it was obviously cheaper to put up the shutters.

YET, though the Government ignored their plaints, and plain citizens of Paris indicated their delight at the fact that *patrons* who had been very "uppish" with them during the exchange-boom found it necessary to plead for favours, the *patrons* never carried out their strike threat. This suggested possession of a very strong reserve for the lean months. Now the solid-faced keepers of the *boites* are employing a new line of "bluff." They have been studying the statistics of the tourist agencies and are endeavouring to whip up the reluctant French *clientèle* with such posters as "Parisians, make haste to profit by the present prices, as the early arrival is announced of 230,000 North Americans, 50,000 South Americans, and 40,000 Canadians." They seem to have forgotten the English. But, anyhow, I don't think the Parisians are likely to be influenced in the least by this sort of stuff. *En effet,* as propaganda, it strikes me as rather clumsy. It practically amounts to telling the Parisians that they are only wanted when the Americans are not about, and if there is one thing that Parisians do not relish it is the idea of playing second fiddle to the *rois du dollar*. Montmartre had better write this off swiftly as a *faux pas* and try to live it down with something more intelligent.

THERE was a time, and not so very long ago at that, when Englishmen refused to take French sport seriously, regarding it, in all forms except perhaps

"Jambes sans pareilles"

cycling and motor cycling, as merely a matter for mirth. But the boot is on the other leg now. French lads have become very desperate die-hards about their games. Have you ever heard of an English footballer attempting to commit suicide because his team had been defeated? It is beyond imagination, even at the height of Cup-tie fever.

YET such a case recently occurred in France, and the team concerned was only a village team. It happened to be a very exceptional "Rugger" team, that of Lozignan, in the Pyrenees region, which, as the result of a first-class trainer going to reside in the locality, became so good that it captured the scalps of many of the best-known fifteens and secured an excellent chance of winning one of the important competitions. But it was unexpectedly defeated by a Narbonne side, and the shock of disappointment was so great that one of the leading players of the home team shot himself.

AND it was only a few days before that a hefty forward of another "Rugger" combination had his neck broken in a "scrum." As for referees, their lives are worth about ten minutes' purchase when some of the *poules* are at their keenest stages. If this mood of desperation continues to develop, the pacific M. Briand will have to extend the operation of the Locarno Pact to the football field.

RENÉ

By Bertram France

ANSWER BY POST

PERTURBED PATIENT: "Poisoned, doctor? But how?"
DOCTOR: "Oh, the post-mortem will explain that!"

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Friends in Many Lands

FEW OF OUR READERS ABROAD

PAST AND PRESENT

Three young Arabs greet the latest "Bystander" on its arrival from the "Modern Babylon," under the walls of the old Babylon

OUT OF THE BLUE—MOUNTAINS

A fair New South Wales reader of "The Bystander" near the Grand Arch, Jenolan, in the Blue Mountains

WELL PROVIDED FOR

A Rhodesian reader finds plenty of food for thought in the pages of the newly arrived "Bystander." The banana tree in the background provides food of quite another sort!

A PILLAR OF LITERATURE

"The Bystander" is seen being shown round the Dilwara Jain Temples, which are among the notable buildings to be found in Abu, Rajputana

"THE MORE WE ARE TOGETHER——"

Two young "Bystanders" of Bahia, in Brazil, joyfully acclaiming the arrival of an old friend. They certainly believe in keeping cheery—and cool!

A CHEERY WELCOME

A cheerful welcome accorded to "The Bystander" by two youthful readers. They are seen in the garden of the home at Nassau, Bahamas

STUDIOUS MOMENTS IN "MITTEL EUROPA"

That "The Bystander" finds friends near home is amply evidenced by the above photograph from Czechoslovakia. Students of the University of Hradeckrálové are seen keeping in touch with British social and sporting affairs

By Graham Simmons

PA-RENT ASUNDER

Father: "Am I to understand that there is something idiotic existing between you and that young man who is always round here"
Daughter: "Only you, daddy dear"

By Jack Gordge

ALAR—MING !

Dealer: "Of course, it is extremely expensive because it's an Early Ming vase and therefore only for the ardent connoisseur"
Parvenu: "If you put it like that I'll 'ave to 'ave it. Where can I buy some mings to put in it?"

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA

Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI

"On my left are the so crimson waters of the Red Sea"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

ARE it not a very great and impervious truth that to make other persons happy are more goodish rewardings as countless £s or gilded 5%s which cause us to only become proud and haughtish like as peacocks and other non-ecclesiastical fowls? Indeedly yes. Thusly it entails me enormous delights to publish you the as follows completely non-solicited letter: "Dear Mr. Y. Hama:—Before reading your so brilliant adventurings, my Hon. husband enjoyed awful sufferings from dyspeptics, melancholics and stomach spasms which caused him to be very affableless and non-polite. But now he are more changed as chalk from cheese, non-suffers internal pangs, sings at breakfast so merry as a lark and has not aimed a plate to my head for more as 3 or 5 weeks. This proves to show you are a very public benefactor and O.K. tonic, and I cannot live to sufficiently thank you for your so great blessings. Yours respectfully, the Duchess of ——."

It are suchly tributings from simple hearts that are more great rewardings as gold and insents. How much better it are to be a pure *literati* living for good and hygienic works, than to be a Napoleon, Rockfeller or other warlike genius. O a 1,000 times yes!

Feb. 11rd. Sadishly non-illusioned by *houriless* Constantinople, I have turned my prow (poetic for face) to the south and are now lying becalmed in the Nubian Desert, which consists to be a piece of sand on or about Lat. 10, Long. 30. On my left are the so crimson waters of the Red Sea, on my right Hon. *caravanserai* (camel) and Ally (Arabian guide). This so trackless desert, which has not ever been trod on by civilised feet before, are the haunting place, I are inform, of innumerous fierceish *carnivora* and frightfully savage Indians called the Umboboes who eat their enemies dead or alive and only slay to kill. Perhapsly, I gloomishly bemoan, these shall be the last words to drip from my faithful pen and before not so very long, in 1 moon's time, 1 more famous name shall be added to the list of heroish and trepidless exploring persons who have been eaten in the so glorious cause of science. "More better far it are to lose 1's head, than to stay at home and expire in bed." (Arabian song.)

"It are the Umboboes beating their tum-tums!"

All suspectless of the epochal events so soonly to transpire themselves, we push on our way in, by in, across the boiling sands towards Blackest Africa with its dark and penetrateless jungle where abodes the lurking hyppopotami, the sleuthish crocodile, the craftish jaguar and other non-civilised quadrupetals. At lastly we arrive to the edge of the jungle where we incamp ourselves for the night. (2nd. Prose-poem "Night in the Jungle." Patent by Yogo Hama.)

It are night. A ghostsome breeze causes to perform creepish rustlings among the innumerous leaves, twigs, branches and other aborical *fauna*. To

the nude eye, not 1 star are visible because of the so great trees and suchly tropical herbs on top of our heads. It are more dark as Cerebos and spectral noises cause 1's hair to creep like geese's flesh. Somewhere a lion echoes his gloomish bark, a hyppo utters his bloodcurdlish scream, a python snarls and a giraffe hoops his 4ft. caugh. O how awful it are to be an explorings person more as 1,000 miles from a police station or other legal assistants! What frightful *lepidoptera* are lurking themselves in the dark waiting to pounce on me and tear me from limb to limb? O no, it are not all beer and 9-pins to be marooned in the jungle at night. Blacker and more blacker it grows. Hark . . . hist . . . shush . . O! . . . O! . . .

Feb. 12st (Very a.m.) I are arouse from reposeless slumberings by sounds like as a person executing thumps and bangs very prodigiously. My ears prick up and I listen with baited breaths. All of a suddenly I are struck in a heap by a frightful thought. It are the Umboboes beating their tum-tums! O horror, I engulp, very perhapsly they are making to sharpen their scalping-irons for good sportings! I waken Ally and we saddle Hon. *caravanserai* like hell for leather, then board same in more less as 2 tics. But, alasly it are too late by very longish chalks.

Before Hon. *caravanserai* had got up his steam, we find ourselves inundated on all sides by man-devouring savages armed to their teeth with bows, spears, thomashawks and other non-peaceful weapons. But O, horrors of horrors, these so frightful barbarics are not only almost garmentless, but their skins look like as if they are made of solid gold! O, this must be a slumber-mare or other badish dream, I bemoan, and then 1 of the saidly Umboboes pronged my arm with a spear very non-dreamishly. In less as no time we were suffering to be transported into the so awful depths of the dark and ghastly Nubian jungle.

"O, this must be a slumber-mare or other badish dream, I bemoan"

If I should live to die at the age of Hon. Methusalah, I should not ever succeed to forget that so terrible journeying. A bigish savage, more as 6ft. long and frightfully ferocious, looked to be the leader.

"Kindly to inform if and where you are transporting us to, Hon. Sir Chief?" I requeshed to this barbarian person.

"Nupopo," he responsed. (This, I afterwardsly made discover, are the city of the Umboboes.)

At lastly, after impenetrating innumerous miles of jungle, we emerged to discover ourselves in a flattish country with only rocks and small hills but very yellowish to the eye. On or about 1 p.m. we stopped and I flattered myself to suppose we were going to eat some refreshments. But, to my enormous horror and amazements, the Umboboes started to immediately to dig holes in the ground like as tombs.

"Heavens!" I ejaculed despairishly, "they are going to implant us alive for good sportings or other wicked pleasures!"

Yogo Hama

"JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS' MEETINGS" *Bertram Park*

The Finale in "Cosi Fan Tutte," the gem of Mozart's, which has been delighting audiences at the Kingsway Theatre. Played in English by the Bristol Opera Company, it has not lost any of its original delicacy and charm

Another Man and his Syphon

"Blazing desert eh!"

"Um.....No!"

"Huh!"

Gosh!"

"Fevered wastelands.....help!"

" ? "

"?"

"!——"

"Whisky! And plenty of—

"Schweppe"
THE ORIGINAL
SODA WATER
—please!"

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RAE

WILLS

OXFORD LEADING *Sport and General*

A photograph of the Boat Race crews nearing Chiswick, with Oxford leading slightly. In the foreground is seen the umpire's launch. Cambridge finally won by three lengths after one of the best races since the War

TENSION AND TUMULT

By DELL LEIGH

THIS Boat Race business is divided always into three acute spasms of nervous excitement. The nerve-racking tension begins before noon. We must be in the Press Boat before 12.45. We are there long before that, surveying the pent-up scene unlike any other in the world for long-drawn-out mental stress. The only signs of the impending ordeal for these eighteen men, when we look shoreward to the two boat-houses, are the sixteen oars stacked there, ready, and the two blue flags floating on high.

The black masses on both banks increase; but we see crowds daily: it is not that which makes some of us move restlessly about the boat. It is the sense of the terrible minutes of strain that are rushing towards those fellows over there. It has been a perfect early Spring morning: conditions ideal. But since the Putney Church clock boomed twelve the sun has disappeared: clouds have drifted up: a vicious breeze arrives: the river begins to fidget nervously too. There will be rough water: this adds to the hazard of the hour.

The B.B.C. launch lying alongside has a rehearsal. A famous "Blue" begins to talk experimentally into the little canvas-sheltered microphone which will presently unfold the real story, stroke by stroke, to scattered millions of people about the listening country. He says, "Oxford are now creeping up: they are rowing magnificently: No. 3 in the Cambridge boat is cracking. their stroke is slowing down . . ." Dash this man! The facts may be bad enough without that make-believe.

The crowd is now cleared in front of the boathouses and makes a ten-deep line to the water's edge. The Putney clock strikes ominously "One." "A fine following wind from Barnes home," mutters a man with a Leander scarf. Two officials next to him begin comparing split seconds on stop watches. A megaphonist drones the news from the bank that Oxford have won the toss and chosen the Surrey side. "Won't help 'em much," mutters grimly a Cambridge cap in the bows.

Our engine begins to throb us into tension No. 2 as we move down towards the stake boats lying in mid-stream. A waterman sits in the stern of each, smoking, waiting. We tie up alongside our moored barge. These last few minutes lie heavily still upon us all. The watching multitude is silent too. the silence of taut expectancy. A last minute Police boat slides past, ranging up stream with vigilant eyes. The B.B.C. boat "Magician" (how apt a name!) begins talking to its valvular world through the ether of England. "The Oxford boat is on the water . . . Cambridge are putting their boat in now. . . . This is the most terrifying moment for a crew. They see suddenly millions of people."

The Umpire standing, megaphone poised, calls in a clear voice, "I shall ask you once, 'Are you ready?'" Sixteen slides come forward: BANG! . . . Instantly we are flung into tension No. 3 by the tumult and the succeeding phases of those fearful minutes. We rush in the wake of the rhythmic white lines of swinging men along a four-mile lane of pandemonium. The whole world is roaring at them. They hear nothing. Teeth set, eyes fixed ahead, every muscle and nerve full stretched—on they go. We crouch astern, silent, spellbound, deafened. Spray hits us in the face: we don't feel it. A blur of faces, hundreds of thousands, swing past our eyes: we don't see them. We see nothing—except those two little rudders protruding from the lashed waters, and the white forms coming up, going back. . . . U-P . . . B-A-C-K with monotonous, deadly precision.

Side by side, blades almost touching: nothing in it yet: will there ever be? Machines they seem, not men. A mile has flicked by: two miles: the tumult increases. And all the time, lying alongside us in this welter of noise a man's lips are moving over a microphone. Utterly soundless are they to those who glance at them: perfectly clear to someone in Edinburgh, in Exeter. . . .

I drag myself out of this terrific maelstrom for a moment to look at it detachedly. Why are all those tens of thousands of faces mouthing incantations to this crew and to that? Why are men in tugs pulling at their whistle strings? Women imploring "*C-a-m*-bridgggge": men, pale with excitement, beseeching "Ox-*forrrd*"?

Because there is something latent in the British blood that wells up unconsciously receptive to the splendid comradeship, discipline, endurance, and achievement in dire duress which this race entails. And so they yell—and so the men row on: on.

BANG. All over! "Time, twenty minutes, fourteen seconds" someone says. Phew! Is that so? To me it has seemed about four minutes. To them it has probably seemed about four hundred. . . .

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

THEIR FIRST DINNER PARTY.

There's a Lightning Strike in the Servants' Hall,
And Azalea's friends must remain unfed,
So stark a crisis might well appal
The craven hearts of the Lately-Wed;
Oh! What do their proud Retainers lack
With a wireless and a gramophone?
And why should the Cook down pans and pack
To leave the Guests without crust or bone?

"In the Hupper Circles" the Butler snorts
"They supply the Staff with Abdulla's Best,"
"I won't work without them," the Cook reports,
As she folds her arms on a heaving chest . . . .
The Strike is broken—the Staff appeased,
Adored Abdullas are set alight,
And Cook is looking so kind and pleased,
There's a hope that the Guests will dine to-night.

F. R. Holmes.

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TURKISH EGYPTIAN VIRGINIA

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Crack Troops in Action

BY J. TOUCHET

The ins and outs of a very early Easter dispute that take a bit of swallowing

THAT EASTER FEELING

By Blanchette *Illustrations by NORMAN KEENE*

"All nice and festive"

LONDON, *April* 11.

DEAR COUSIN—,

HAVE you got that Easter feeling? All nice and festive and chocolate-eggy, I mean, and sunshine-and-laughtery and holidayish and don't-care-if-it-snows (which it quite likely will, of course)? Hitherwards, anyway, and into my innermost soul, *esprit,* or *seele,* it seems somehow to have arrived, so that and thereby I feel most frivolously and foolishly exalted, even at quite rather ordinaryish moments of the day, as well as those extra super ones that happen just now and then. . . . You know—like when you have your elevenses of a Bath Oliver and a quaffle of bubbly by the wide-open south French windows, with the sun simply streaming in across your private plantation or forest of golden, delicately-perfumed daffodils. Or sniff and savour all the subtle exquisiteness of spring from surrounding woods and foliage as you biff a perfect peach of a drive right down the middle of the fairway at the first hole. . . .

卐

OR read a delightful book or see a quite enthralling play—but no, it's really an out-of-doorish sort of ecstasy, this Easter one, isn't it? And even if it's on the nippy side, oh!—

> What exultations in my mind
> From the love-bite of this Easter wind—

as Mr. W. H. Davis, the rural poet *par excellence,* hath put it. Though let's hope, of course, it'll be the other kind or variety this time; whereof that other poet sang of how

> Blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake.

Not forgetting, of course, the chaffinch who

> Sings on the orchard bough
> In England now.

according to the celebrated Mr. Robert Browning that we still remember just a few lines of, spite of how he and the others got pushed off the map by the war poets and 've never "come back" since, have you noticed?

卐

EVEN though the War, too, fell out of fashion for a while. . . . But War books *are* coming back, *on dit,* not to mention plays and films (like *Mons* and even that terrible effort, *The Big Parade,* wherein America, *Dieu nous garde,* won the War, and all by herself, too). As Mr. Ernest Raymond says (the man who wrote *Tell England,* you know), how marvellous is the power of War to create moments of great literature. . . . Because the War was at once the most awful and the most beautiful pageant any of us have seen; the whole dark field was phosphorescent with a beauty we shall not look on again. . . .

卐

THE beauty of tragic things—there *is* something in it, methinks, but you can't often see it till you look at them from quite a long distance. And meanwhile there's the present—and, by the way, talking of presents, what are you having in your Easter egg this time? Mine's a little wrist-watch, that's all, and quite humble and modest too, really, though

"The benefit of your good word"

fearfully sweet—some people are having diamond rings and things, and *have* heard even of a piano positively being thus Easter-ly wrapped up—*kolossal* and a shade vulgar, *n'est-ce pas:* rather like that new German film, *Metropolis.*

卐

ADDED sure sign of spring, by the way, is the first influx, incursion, or invasion of American visitors who've come to see lil' old London and its sights—

"Listen to the nice twiddly bits"

quite a tidy batch or bunch of them at the Boat Race there were already on the nice launch I sailed to it on, also fro, that was run by those wonderful new Services people who do trips to the Derby or what not. And a fearfully good example they do set us, too (the Americanos I mean), and I only wish we had the enterprise or strength of mind to follow it, don't you?—in the way of seeing London, I mean. Positively envy them I do, the way they know all about the fascinating things at the British Museum and the Tower of London, and places that we've never even set eyes on since we were about two, and never will unless we make a bold dash for it and, donning our shirt-waists and Baedekers, join up with one of these U.S. parties that "do London" at Easter in twenty-four hours or less. Shall us? Let's!

卐

THOUGH, of course, there's some little London sights you can't do by charabanc, and where we still have the laugh on 'em, all except, perhaps, a very tiny privileged few. Dance clubs, *e.g.,* or, anyway, the very best ones, like the Florida, the one, you know, that's up in a mews, and a real narrow, winding one

(*Continued on page* 88)

ELECTRIC COLD-THE SECRET OF FOOD PERFECTION

SIX FRIGIDAIRE ADVANTAGES

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2. Needs no ice.
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Photographs A HIGH ONE

Miss P. M. Healy jumping to intercept a lob. She is seen playing in the Ladies' Singles of the Magdalen Park Hard Courts Tournament

FACING THE ENGLISH SPRING *L.N.A.*

Miss Goldsmith seen in action during a round of the Ladies' Singles in the Magdalen Park Tournament. The uncertainties of an English Spring are typified by Miss Goldsmith's woollen mittens

L.N.A.

A BACKHAND SHOT

Mrs. Randolph Lycett photographed during the first round of the Ladies' Singles at Magdalen Park. She beat Miss M. Hogan 6—1, 6—0

Sport and General

AT HARROGATE

D. M. Greig playing for Surrey against Middlesex in the semi-final of the Inter-County Hard Court Championships. Surrey won easily

Sport and General

J. C. GREGORY

Of Yorkshire, who beat J. C. Hogan (Staffordshire) in the semi-final of the Inter-County Matches, 6—3, 6—1. In the final round Surrey won by 9 matches to 3

Sports Caught in Action

SPRING IS HERE! *Photopress*

Mrs. Inwood, to judge by the above photograph taken at the Magdalen Park Lawn Tennis Tournament, finds Wandsworth so bracing. Despite her strenuous efforts, however, she was beaten by Mrs. Macready in the Ladies' Singles

A COUNTY TEAM *Sport and General*

The Middlesex Team which beat Surrey by 4 matches to 3 in the Ladies' County Championship at Woking. The photograph shows Miss Cecil Leitch, Miss Audrey Croft, Miss J. Stocker, Mrs McNair, Mrs. Guedela, Mrs. Harrison and Miss Proctor

THE VICTORS *Topical*

Mrs. O. Jones (left) and Miss Mabel Wragg, who won the "Eve" Ladies' Northern Foursomes. The competition took place at Royal Lytham and St. Anne's

"EVE" RUNNERS-UP *Topical*

Miss Lobbett and Miss D. R. Fowler, who met Mrs. Jones and Miss Wragg in the final of the "Eve" Northern Foursomes. They lost by 3 and 2

that there's just room for a taxi to trek along—and heaven help 'em if two tried to pass. And all very nice and *intime* inside, too, though not kipper-and-arty like some we wot of, where the suburbs go and see life. Such sweet black and gold dragons (they're the real Florida's arms or something, I suppose) along the walls of the low-roofed room with its glass floor that the lights shine up out of, which is simply immensely intriguing to dance on *and* to watch. And the right sort of people there, and waiters who seem really pleased to see you, and bring you quite hottish food and coolish drinks—and suddenly a dancing turn with Estelle or Mimi, or someone singing

I've been pinching myself to see if it's true—
I can't get over a boy like you
Loving a girl like me . . .

Yes, I think I rather like the Florida.

卐

Which reminds me of a most important problem I haven't ever yet been able quite to make up my mind about—if it's a good play or a bad one that really most inevitably *drives* one on to the subsequent supper-and-dance. I mean, when it's a dullish show, positively have to go and cheer yourself up afterwards, don't you? And if it's a good one—well, it's a terrible pity to go and end the evening up all of a sudden and not give other people a bit of the benefit of your good mood, what? Anyway, know I had the most enormous urge to go on somewhere *après*, not only *The Blue Comet* of late depressing

"Rather hate us going on playing golf"

memory at the Kingsway, but its successor, *Cosi Fan Tutte*, which is one of the most entrancing musical shows I've heard for years, though it *is* by dear old Mozart, which, I expect, sounds a bit highbrow to some. But *Beggar's Opera* sort of stuff it is really, with sweet old stilted language like

Find a maiden constant ever?
First the Phœnix you'll discover.

And all that sort of thing. And if you like you can just shut your eyes and smoke your cigarette (which always does help music quite a lot, meseems) and listen to the nice twiddly bits the band's doing without even listening to the words.

卐

All helps to make you feel, that kind of lilting melody does, what a lovely place the world is (spite of the Berts and people). Especially now Summer Time's here again, whereat loud cheers from the assembled multitude—except, perhaps, the theatre managers, who naturally rather hate us going on playing golf or lawn tennis till we're much too tired and happy to bother about their shows; but then, after all, that's *their* look-out, the poor dear little Conservatives. Why don't they start Summer Time affairs that begin about ten or later, like they do in Madrid, for instance? I ask you. But then men always are so *slow*, aren't they?—and Tory to the bone.

With love, yours ever,

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H.P.

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WEANING WINNERS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE immense increase since the War in the number of women Dog fanciers has brought the Ladies' Kennel Association's annual Championship Show into rivalry with such events as Cruft's and the Kennel Club Show. This year it will be held at Olympia on May 4 and 5. Doggy folk should book the date as an engagement too important to be missed.

"A couple of years ago my young people went in seriously—very seriously—for Sealyhams and Kerry Blues; and I take off my hat to their sporting thoroughness. At most stages they seem eminently successful, but . . . the losses and set-back at weaning time seem lamentable. . . Are all breeders in the same boat? . . ."

To this Buckinghamshire correspondent I would say that we are all in the same boat, but that those who have given some study to navigation, as well as seamanship, or, in other words, to the theory and principles, as well as the practice of Dog-breeding, manage to avoid a good deal of loss of a kind much more common than it need be at weaning time. (Other times, too, for that matter.) Weaning troubles are mostly due to two causes: Trying to rush the job too abruptly, and neglecting the foundation work that should precede weaning. Also, there is a tendency to wean pups too early. Except in special cases, it's better done at the end of the third month than the first; the ninth or tenth week is a safer time than the fourth or fifth.

Whenever you do it, give eight or ten days to the job, rather than one or two. Separate the pups from the dam for two daily intervals of a couple of hours each; then for three such intervals; then for three of three hours each; then for all day, and keep that going for two or three days, before the final, complete separation. Before the end of each separation give the pups a light meal. After the final separation give as many as six light meals a day for a couple of days; the last as late as you can make it, and the first as soon as you can after sun-up. Then a couple of days of five meal régime, on the same lines; and then several months of four daily meals, each light and spare. Pups want *feeding*, not filling.

To achieve success, it's necessary to have taught your pups to "lap and to swallow" long before weaning begins. Also, this spares the dam, and makes a later weaning practicable. At the end of the third week all pups should get their first lessons. First, you smear the milky stuff inside their little lips to give them a taste for it; then, at the next meal, you teach them to suck a well-smeared finger. But much, very much, depends on the chosen food. Plain cow's milk is more likely to do harm than good, so different and inferior is it to the canine mother's supply. Something much sweeter, stronger, and richer in essential vitamins is required. Probably the best ready-made preparation yet evolved by science, after much research, is Spiller's Savaline, which contains all the necessary vitamins, in a palatable form that any pup can assimilate—invaluable stuff this. Alternate with it, after a few days, the juice and scrapings of raw lean beef, if you like; but the Savaline does actually fill the bill. Start after the third week, and continue for eight or nine weeks, to include all the weaning period.

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RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE" *Sketches by "THE TOUT"*

"Ted" Gwilt

AMONG trainers who have jumped off the mark in sprightly fashion this season is Edward Gwilt, who deserves all the success that has come his way. For he is an indefatigable worker, and produces excellent results from not very promising material. By this I mean that his patrons as a rule do not go in for expensive yearlings. The ten-thousand-guinea Doncaster lots do not go into Gwilt's yard, or even those costing a fifth of that sum. The Lambourn trainer is busy all the year round. No sooner is flat-racing over than his jumpers become active. At the recent Newbury Meeting he brought off a fine double with Orbindos and Bacchanale. The latter's success is immensely creditable to him, for a year ago it is doubtful whether anybody would have given £100 for her under the hammer. Now she is worth several thousands, for fillies who can stay as well as she does are few and far between. A big fortune would have been won in the Lambourn district if Orbindos had not succumbed by a head in the Lincoln. His backers were able to get their money back with interest at Newbury.

Colorado

WHEN you are in doubt as to which to back in a handicap it is usually a good plan to place your faith in the "class" horse of the race, if you can find one. An occasion on which this system did not work out happily was the recent cup race at Newbury. Here the public form competitor was undoubtedly Orbindos, but at the eleventh-hour there was a rush for Colorado, which caused him to wind up a better favourite than the Lambourn colt. As the winner of the Two Thousand and third in the Derby, Colorado stood pre-eminently for class. But I do not think those connected with the Stanley House stable were overwhelmingly confident. They did not know quite what he would do after an absence from the racecourse dating back to Ascot. Colorado ran at Newbury as though he were short of condition. His great speed enabled him to keep a prominent place for six furlongs, but as soon as a little extra was required of him he faded away. According to present intentions he is to run for the Kempton Jubilee. By that time he should be fit enough for anything, and the course should suit him.

Classic Prospects

CLASSIC prospects are now one of the chief topics of discussion in racing circles, and the Guineas, which will be run at the end of the month, promise to be as interesting as ever. I suppose that Call Boy will be favourite for the Two Thousand. During the winter he settled down in that position for the Derby, and at present 5 to 1 seems to be the best price offered about him for the Epsom race. I have a high opinion of his prospects of winning the Derby, but I should certainly not be beguiled into accepting such inadequate odds about him at this early stage. When all is said, there is little to choose between him and Sickle on their two-year-old performances, while Damon comes out rather better than either of them. Why I think Call Boy will eventually prove himself the best of the three is because he was rather slow to find his form last season, and therefore he is likely to go on improving with age. What is more, he ought to have won the Middle Park Stakes much more easily than was actually the case, for he half stumbled when the tapes went up and lost a good deal of ground. In these circumstances his performance was vastly better than it looks to be on paper.

Call Boy and the Derby

IN meeting Sickle in the Two Thousand Call Boy will be at a disadvantage in that Lord Derby's colt has already had a race this season. I shall not be surprised to find Sickle appreciably the fitter of the two in the first of the classic events. If Call Boy fails in the Guineas his prospects of winning the Derby will not be seriously discounted. Remember the examples by Captain Cuttle, Papyrus, Coronach, and plenty of other colts who triumphed at Epsom after being vanquished a month or so previously at Newmarket. Among the best fillies I hear a tolerably good account of Book Law, who is to make her reappearance in the One Thousand. Whether she wins this race or not I am convinced that the Manton filly will play a big part in the struggle for the Oaks. The Beckhampton stable is hopeful of winning one or both of the classic events for fillies with Endowment. The style in which she won the Free Handicap was a veritable eye-opener, and if she can produce any improvement on that brilliant form she will be hard to beat this season.

Coming Events

NEXT week there will be a bumper week of attractions galore for all keen racegoers, starting with the Queen's Prize at Kempton and the big Lancashire Steeplechase on Monday. Follows the Great Metropolitan at Epsom, with the City and Suburban on Wednesday, and the Esher Cup at Sandown a day later. I am under the impression that Mr. "Jim" Bell is likely to win a good race before long with **Hercules,** who will be all the better for having been schooled over hurdles during the winter. The Queen's Prize is due to be run over a course to which he appears to be well suited. St. Mary Kirk is my second string. The Great Metropolitan is notorious for the surprises it produces. This time the issue is extremely open. The winner may be **Bacchanale,** to whose good stamina I have already referred. On the same afternoon the sprint for the Great Surrey Handicap will be another attraction. Over this easy track **Lord Wembley** should certainly improve on his recent performances.

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Femina

WASTE-PAPER BASKETS

By MRS. M. VINCE

ONE of the minor effects of the electric and gas stove has been an increase in the importance of the waste-paper basket. Where there was, as a matter of course, a coal fire burning in the winter and an empty grate behind a fire-screen in the summer, there was always a place for the rubbish—to be used openly in the winter and surreptitiously in the summer. But now what is one to do if there is no waste-paper basket? There are not enough of them. Every bedroom should have one. Every sitting-room should have one. But how often when unpacking—particularly in hotels—one looks in vain for the waste-paper basket.

THERE are all sorts of waste-paper baskets, from the simple basket which is a basket and no more to the elephant's foot standing by the tiger skin in the Colonel's library. But the strangest of all waste-paper baskets I found the other day at an exhibition of furnished rooms. It was made of the calf-skin covers of three large books. It was triangular in shape. Each angle was formed by the back of a book, and on each in gilt letters were the words, "Life of the Duke of Wellington."

I DO not know why the Duke of Wellington was chosen for this indignity. Not that he would have minded. His name has been given to a boot and to a chest of drawers, and it would not have troubled him to see it on a waste-paper basket. I think, too, that the designer of the basket must have been innocent of all critical intention. The covers were large and handsome, and that was sufficient for his purpose; but if he had thought for a moment of where his ingenious idea might lead I am sure that he would have hesitated.

THE author's name, it should be noticed, was not given. But if the fashion grows, will that reticence be maintained? I doubt it. And if it is not maintained, then the fashion will become the cruellest and curtest form of literary criticism. You need no longer throw a book across the room in disgust. You will simply take off the cover and send it to a furnishing firm. You need no longer go about saying what you think of a book. You turn it into a waste-paper basket, put it in a prominent place in your room, and say nothing. The malignant critic will not be content to furnish his own rooms in that way. He will persuade furnishing houses to buy up the books of authors he dislikes and convert them. We shall find fastidious critics complaining that they will have to move into larger houses to find room for all their waste-paper baskets, and the reviewer's final word of contempt will be, "Even the covers are so poor that the book is not worth turning into a waste-paper basket." In the midst of all this orgy of silent criticism the poor author's only consolation will be that it will be necessary to buy three copies of his book to make one waste-paper basket.

Vaughan and Freeman

MISS DOROTHY SEACOMBE

Who recently joined the cast of "My Son John," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. She takes the part of Suzanne in the cheery show in which a delightful new song has been introduced

EVEN when no criticism is intended, what horrors the fashion will hold for the sensitive, unsuccessful author! His (or her) book is printed. It is reviewed. The presentation copies are given to friends. It appears for a brief space in the bookshops. It disappears and is forgotten. The statement of sales or of the lack of them, the announcement that the book has been remaindered—these are secrets between the author and the publisher. There are so many publics, and the literary world (with the Dominions and America) is very wide. The author's friends may never read the book, but for all they know it has made him famous and wealthy somewhere. He has only to look prosperous and happy. But how can he do that if there is always the fear haunting him that some furnishing firm will expose his failure by buying up and using the unsold copies? And oh, the bitterness of finding that one whom we had thought of as a friend had waited to buy it until it became a waste-paper basket!

IN the end some ingenious publisher will no doubt do with this new fashion what has so often been done before, and turn criticism to the uses of advertisement. He will issue the first edition of a book with an intriguing title and a very attractive cover as waste-paper baskets only, and not until the title has in this way excited the curiosity of thousands of households will he bring it out as a book.

LAST of all, I see a new proverb coming from this new fashion, and remaining long after the fashion has had its day. How better could one express the changes and chances of literary popularity than by saying, "This year's best seller is next year's waste-paper basket"?

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

REVOKES

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

A CORRESPONDENT sends me a singular case which occurred at the table. "Towards the end of the game," he writes, "Declarer led a card from Dummy and revoked by trumping. On next lead the opponents discovered the revoke, and the error was rectified by Declarer taking back his trump and playing a card of the suit led.

"The *status quo* was completely restored, and the game proceeded. The opponents were therefore at no disadvantage; nevertheless at the end of the game they claimed the usual penalty for a revoke."

My opinion is asked as to whether the opponents had or had not forfeited their right to a penalty by having the revoke adjusted.

. . . . . .

Of course the whole proceeding was most irregular, and I have no doubt that the opponents could not claim the revoke after allowing the error to be rectified. I asked Mr. Dalton his opinion, and he confirmed my view. He states: "The object of the alternative penalty of taking three tricks (by Declarer) is to compensate for the possible loss caused by a revoke. The opponents could not have it both ways by having the trick reinstated and then by claiming the revoke."

But why the opponents ever allowed the trick to be rectified when presumably it would have paid them better to leave it is a mystery to me.

. . . . . .

A great deal of misunderstanding about revokes exists even amongst experienced and regular club players. The cases on which the Portland Club is asked to give decisions are often extremely illuminating. Players should buy and study the Cases and Decisions of the Portland Club which are issued with the laws in a handy little book published by Messrs. de la Rue, price 2s. 6d.

Here is an interesting case:—"A Heart is led, and the second and third hands follow suit. The fourth player, holding both red Aces, plays the Ace of Diamonds in mistake for the Ace of Hearts, gathers the trick and quits it. The adversaries at once object, the trick is turned up and the error is discovered. Is it a revoke?

Decision.—No; the turning and quitting of a trick by a player who has not won it does not establish a revoke. (Law 82.)

. . . . . .

At first sight it would appear to most of us that fourth hand undoubtedly has revoked. He has not followed suit, and he has gathered a trick to which he is not entitled. But if you think out the matter you will see that the decision is equitable. The case is on quite a different footing from that sent by my correspondent. In this case the player has mistaken the Ace of Diamonds for the Ace of Hearts, and thinks he has played the Ace of Hearts, and therefore gathers a trick to which he believes himself entitled. It would be hard on him and his partner to be penalised for a mistake which is of quite a different character from a genuine revoke.

Of course if the opponents had not discovered immediately the wrongful gathering of the trick and the player in fault had led to the next trick he would have revoked.

. . . . . .

A rather knotty point is involved in the following case:—Spades are trumps. At the fourth trick B leads a Heart. Z, the declarer, plays a trump, and then plays a small Heart from Dummy, before A plays. Dummy then says, "No more Hearts, partner?" Z discovers that he has a Heart and plays it. He then claims the right to replace the card played from Dummy's hand and play another card to the trick.

Decision.—Yes; he can replace it. (Law 85.)

. . . . . .

This decision may seem to contradict Law 60, which states that a card once played or named by the Declarer as to be played from his own hand or from Dummy cannot be taken back except to save a revoke. One can understand that Z, when challenged, having discovered his mistake, can, of course, rectify it. But it seems straining the meaning of the law that he can replace a card already played from Dummy and play another to the trick

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the charm of a natural, fresh complexion, kept always delicately radiant by Pond's Two Creams. The Cold Cream, applied whenever convenient during the day, always after exposure to the open air and before retiring at night, brings to the surface particles of dust and dirt which can be easily removed with a soft towel. Its gentle oils will sink deep into the pores especially during sleep and cleanse the skin thoroughly.

After every application of *Pond's Cold Cream*—except the one at bed-time—use *Pond's Vanishing Cream* as a protection against the ravages of wind, rain or sun and from further attacks of dust and dirt. It will give your skin a damask smoothness over which the powder goes beautifully and stays long.

From all Chemists and Stores. In handsome opal jars, 1/3 and 2/6. In tubes 7½d. (for handbag), and 1/-. Pond's Cold Cream also in extra large jars 5/- and in extra large tubes 2/6.

TRIAL SAMPLES.
Pond's Extract Co., Dept. 19, 103 St. John Street, E.C. 1, will send for 2d. in stamps, for postage and packing, a sample tube of both Creams.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN"

Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

109

THE DISTINGUISHED HUPMOBILE EIGHT

THE straight-eight is the ultimate engine principle. Hupmobile is its finest expression. The combination means that there literally is nothing more distinguished in motoring.

INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTORS, LTD.
78-80 Brompton Road London, S. W., 3

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For the "Special Occasions" which occur every day

PLAYER'S No 3

Virginia Cigarettes

In Packets

10 *for* 8D. 20 *for* 1/4

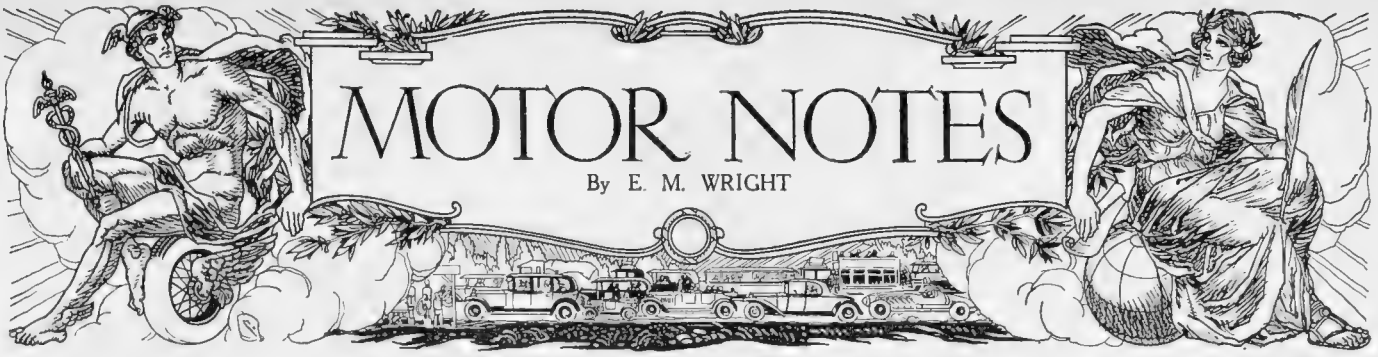
WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

(Cork of pure natural growth).

Also in ¼-lb. Card Boxes at 5/-.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM,
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited.

3.P.82



MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

A Boost for Britain

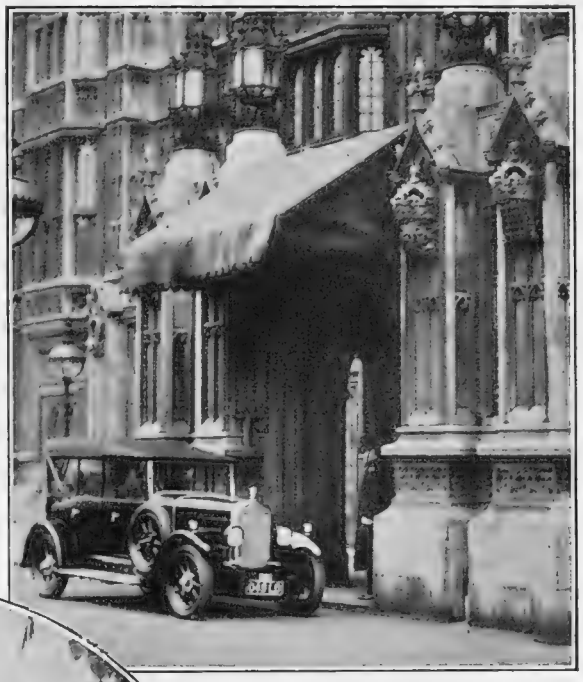
It will be many months before motorists cease talking of Major Segrave's great record with the 1,000 h.p. Sunbeam car. Indeed, it is quite conceivable that the world's record of over 200 m.p.h. set up may stand for several years. Great Britain and her motor industry never had a better advertisement in the United States or, for that matter, all over the world. In offering our congratulations to the pilot of the car and its celebrated makers, however, do not let us overlook the part played by the accessories and similar proprietary components for which other firms were responsible. In many cases—for instance, the Dunlop tyres with which the car was shod—these components had to be specially made for the job, and the task was not only finding the material, the design, and the methods of manufacture that would produce an article capable of standing up to the terrific strains imposed, but devising tests severe enough to reproduce as nearly as possible the conditions that would obtain on the Daytona course. So thoroughly was this done that only one hitch occurred when the car was at length tested on the sands. This was merely a question of the supply of oil to the driving chains, which it was found were not receiving anything like the amount required merely to keep them from attaining a red heat. It must not be supposed, however, that all the items that contributed to this great achievement were of a special nature. The fuel was B.P., obtained beforehand from the pump at a typical British filling station in the ordinary way. The oil was Wakefield's "Castrol," such as any motorist may buy either in bulk or tins.

What-to-see Signs

Under the R.A.C. scheme for the erection of signs at the entrance to towns and villages indicating to motorists historical and other features worthy of inspection, arrangements have already been made with many councils in various parts of the country for their erection. The cost of each sign is borne by the local authority concerned, the club being responsible for the design of the signs and the information displayed upon them. Particular care is given by the Club as to both of these points; in the first place, to ensure that nothing garish or offensive will be used, and, secondly, that the information given is accurate and is devoid of any form of local advertisement. Most motorists are keenly enough interested in the history, associations, and beauty spots of our countryside, but in these days of hustle few of us are willing to take guide books as well as maps and look up beforehand what is worth seeing at every mile of the way. For this large and very human proportion of motorists the new R.A.C. scheme will definitely bring about a transformation. It will double the pleasure of ordinary touring, besides educating us in a very easy and likeable way, at a time when we are too easily tempted to hurry along on our way.

New London Showrooms

The enormous expansion of motoring within the last three or four years has naturally brought about considerable extension on the part of the larger agents. One by one the leading dealers in our principal centres of population are taking greater showrooms and extending the range of makes which they can supply direct from stock. The latest enterprise in this direction—and one which has been timed very well for the Easter rush—is that of Coppen, Allan and Co., who last week opened magnificent three-storeyed showrooms at 205-207, Great Portland Street, W.1. Here, just before the opening, there were no fewer than thirty makes of car on view, and by the time these lines appear in print it is expected that more than 150 models of these makes will be available in the showrooms. By the way, it was Messrs. Coppen, Allan and Co. who supplied the six-cylinder "Big Bentley" mentioned in our last issue, which, fitted with a magnificent Park, Ward Coupé de Ville body, recently scored a remarkable British triumph at Monte Carlo. At the Concours d'Elegance, which, being interpreted, means the "Car Beauty Competition," it secured the first award out of no less than 583 competitors. The body was in ivory and black and trimmed inside with special brown furniture leather. It is unique in that the driver's compartment can be totally enclosed or entirely open. The interior woodwork is of burr walnut and the two spare seats on the front of the division are also of burr walnut, with a cabinet fitted between, and the usual interior fittings.



OUTSIDE AN HISTORIC DOORWAY

A 1927 Arrol-Johnston car photographed outside the entrance to the House of Lords. The policeman in the photograph seems interested in this model

IN THE SHADE OF THE PALM

A 10 h.p. Swift amid tropical surroundings. The photograph depicts some typical scenery in the Gold Coast Colony

A Dying Body

The closed *v.* open car controversy continues unabated, with the latest honours heavily in favour of the saloon. Every day of sunshine, however, is likely to cause remorse in the hearts of owners of this type of body, and to advertise the merits of the car which can be opened up to give that good blow of honest fresh air and feeling of freedom which is so

dear to the British motorist. The only solution hitherto has been the type of body which used to be called the "All-weather," i.e., with a heavy leather top which could be folded down after a fashion, and pukka glass windows in the doors, with frame posts, which could also be folded down. There are, however, many snags in the design and construction of this type of coachwork. One is the difficulty of making it rattle-proof; another is the sheer effort and time taken to raise and lower it, and also the fact that it tends to look ungainly when folded down, while the leather is liable to crack if this is done often. Hence the gradual decline of the all-weather body of this type. It seems likely that the final solution will be one form or another of the sliding roof.

Sliding Roof Solution

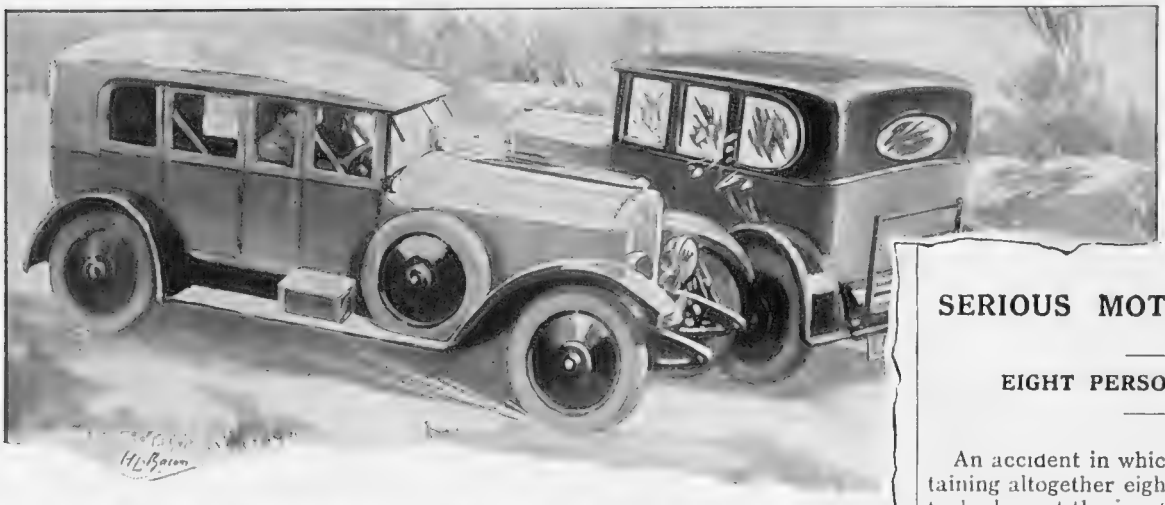
One of the first firms to develop this was the Pytchley Autocar Company, who have a special design of sliding roof of their own. The body is a saloon of normal construction and appearance. The front half of the roof, however, slides back over the rear half, travelling on roller bearings in two grooves above the window line. I have recently tried a car fitted with one of these roofs, and it moves so easily that one can open it fully without leaving the driver's seat or stopping the car. The view upwards and forwards from the front seat is fully as good as that from a touring car with the side curtains in position but the hood down; and from the back seats it is cut off only directly above one. I have examined the mechanism of the Pytchley sliding roof and am satisfied that, owing to the clever locking arrangements which retain it in any desired position, it cannot possibly rattle. To my mind one of the most interesting features of this roof is that it can be fitted to existing saloons, and is, in fact, made in three standard sizes for this purpose. The cost is £35, and I should estimate that the cost of fitting to an average saloon would come to a similar amount over and above that.

THE STAR AND THE CAR

Miss Yvonne Arnaud, the popular actress, takes her dogs for a run—by car. She is seen in her new Clyno saloon

Another firm that has made great strides in the past two years is Henlys, Ltd., sole London distributors for Alvis cars and owners of one of the soundest organisations in the country for the overhaul, inspection, and disposal of used cars. They have just opened new showrooms in Devonshire House, Piccadilly, following a similar development in Manchester, and additional to the Great Portland Street premises. Mr. Henly himself, of the twinkling eye and ready wit, is a well-known figure at all the important motoring functions.

E. M. Wright.



"CUTS ON FOREHEAD AND FACE"

AND IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT. Statistics prove that 65% of personal injuries in motoring accidents are caused by flying glass splinters. Why not eliminate for ever this grave peril by having your car fitted with *Triplex* —the glass that cannot splinter nor fly in any circumstances.

DON'T BE PUT OFF—

Fit "Triplex" and be Safe

REGD

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W. 1; *also* The Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America, Inc., 75, West St., New York.

Extract from "The Dover Standard" 21st *October*, 1926.

SERIOUS MOTOR COLLISION

EIGHT PERSONS INVOLVED.

An accident in which two motor cars, containing altogether eight people, were involved, took place at the junction of Park avenue and Salisbury road at 2.45 yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon.

* * *

Mrs. [redacted] and Miss [redacted] were injured and taken to Dover Hospital. Mrs. [redacted] had cuts on the forehead and face, and it was necessary to put four stitches in the wounds. Miss [redacted] was suffering from slight cuts and bruises on the left leg. They were able to leave the Hospital after treatment.

Mr. [redacted] car had damages to the body and chassis work, and Mr. [redacted] car had glass panels broken, nearside mudguard damaged, front axle and steering-gear broken.

Kennington Service

WARNING!

POINTS YOU SHOULD CONSIDER BEFORE BUYING A NEW CAR

IS THE car really suitable for the purpose you want it and will it have a good secondhand value?

HAVE THE manufacturers a first-class reputation founded on years of experience?

IS IT properly supported by Service—not a vague Service, but something definite in black and white?

IS THERE an unfailing local supply of Spare Parts?

ARE THE Part Exchange and Deferred Terms really economical and equitable?

HAVE THE Agents a good reputation so that you may be sure they will honestly study your interests?

DO THE Agents seriously serve the interests of the customer?

WILL YOU receive frank and unbiased advice?

ALL THESE CRITICAL QUESTIONS ARE SATISFACTORILY ANSWERED BY ROOTES

ROOTES, LTD

ROLLS-ROYCE
DAIMLER
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DEVONSHIRE HOUSE
PICCADILLY. LONDON. W.1

LONDON — BIRMINGHAM — MAIDSTONE — DORKING — ROCHESTER — WROTHAM

AUSTIN
HILLMAN
CLYNO : FIAT

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

A NEW GLOVE-FITTING COMBINAISON

This Combinaison is exclusive to Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., having been designed by Madame Sonia, their well-known Corset Expert (formerly of Sloane Street)

So skilfully is this garment cut and boned that it supports the abdomen and at the same time the diaphragm, giving the greatest comfort and making it a delight to the wearer.

Glove-Fitting Combinaison *(as sketch) in cotton tricot, broché or gauze, in pink or white, with two or four pairs of suspenders; fastening at side; with or without lacing at back. Washable without having to remove a single bone.*

PRICES from

59/9 to 4½ Gns.

In Satin or Silk Tricot, 7 Gns

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Wakefield Castrol

is recommended by over 200 Leading Motor Manufacturers of the World.

THERE are so many lubricants on the market advertised as "the best" that motorists may well find difficulty in making a choice. But there is one sure guide—Manufacturers' Recommendation; in his own interests a Manufacturer will recommend only a lubricant which exhaustive tests have shown to be the best suited to his product. Over 200 Motor Manufacturers have thus tested and so recommend Wakefield CASTROL—and another remarkable tribute to the efficiency of Wakefield CASTROL is Major Segrave's tremendous speed of 207 m.p.h. at Daytona.

Commence to use CASTROL to-day and so lay the foundation of a trouble-free season. You will then soon realise why over 200 Leading Motor Manufacturers recommend—

In Sealed Tins or Drums

WAKEFIELD
Castrol Regd.
MOTOR OIL

From Bulk Tanks

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD.
All-British Firm. Specialists in Motor Lubrication
Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

GREATER LONDON'S NEW BEAUTY SPOT

NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN THE CAR, CALL

at "THE GAZEWAY"

Portsmouth Road, Surbiton, Surrey

SENSITIVE THROAT

A Source of Continual Worry

There will be no need to deny yourself the pleasure of 'another cigarette' if you cultivate the habit of taking an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille after smoking.

Just slip one in your mouth—pleasantly refreshing, the delicious properties of black currant quickly soothe the delicate membranes of the throat.

One at bedtime, too, stops that 'tickling' and keeps the mouth clear and fresh till morning.

Your Chemist stocks them.

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz. - 8d.
4 oz. - 1/3
8 oz. - 2/3
1 lb. - 4/3

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

ONE WEEK'S FREE TRIAL

The Proved Successful method of

FIGURE REDUCING

Without Injury.

STOUTNESS, Thick and ungainly Ankles, Double Chin can all be remedied in ideal comfort and without injury by wearing the famous

ROSENBAUM RUBBER REDUCING GARMENTS

made and designed by corset experts who have specialised in these articles for the last 23 years, during which period ***there has never been a complaint made.***

ROSENBAUM Rubber Reducing Corset or Bust Bodice, or both as illustrated, sent on one week's Free Trial on receipt of covering remittance (returned in full if you are not satisfied).

Reducing Corset 50/-
Reducing Bust Bodice .. 25/6

(Both laced at back for adjustment as reduction takes place). Reducing Garments of every kind made to order in a few days.

Write for Catalogue, Post Free.

Visit our Showrooms if you are in London.

Maison Rosenbaum *Ltd.*
England's Leading Corsetieres.

(Dept. 2), 466, OXFORD STREET, London, W.1.
For Gentlemen only—(Dept. 2)
14, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W.1.

DO YOU EVER feel like work on a Monday Morning NO?

Then do as Father does:- USE

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per tablet. Bath Size – 10d. per tablet.

Grey Hair

EVAN WILLIAMS Tunisian Henna

It's Safe

Eat More Custard with stewed rhubarb

Foster Clark's

The Best and Creamiest

STRATHSPEY

GAIRNGORM HOTEL, AVIEMORE

Grounds 2 acres. Electric Light.
Private Tennis Court.
Golf Course within easy reach.
Boarding terms for stay over one week.
Manageress.

VELOUTY FOR BEAUTY

LAVELOUTY de DIXOR PARIS

ask for the new ½ tube which contains nearly three times the quantity of the 6d. handbag size

FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS JACK MAY

THE coming events of the Season are casting their shadows before them in some extremely *chic* little frocks destined for race meetings and afternoon "at homes." An *ensemble* effect is receiving special recognition at the hands of the leading *couturières*, and much ingenuity and artistic talent are being displayed in the alliance of a somewhat elaborate frock and plain, straight coat in a contrasting but invariably sympathetic material. One extremely smart *ensemble* comprised a frock in *crêpe de Chine* and coat in soft kasha, lined throughout with the silk, the whole a symphony in a dull desert sand shade, the only touch of colour relief occurring in an ibis pink kasha flower pinned on to the lapel of the coat. Brightly patterned *crêpe de Chine* frocks are being effectively completed by black silk coats, the open front revealing a *doubleur* of the patterned *crêpe*, the colour picked up and repeated in a floral *motif* on a black straw hat. For flowers are once again coming into their own in millinery realms, large sprays of realistic blooms being posed on one side of wide-brimmed picture hats, or else creeping up the high crowns of the smaller-brimmed shapes. But there is nothing tentative about the reappearance of natural flowers, and anything more beautiful than the Season's offerings in this respect it would be impossible to imagine. In spite of the advent of shady hats great things are being achieved in sunshades and parasols. Some shades in name only, as they are being made of the filmiest, most transparent materials, frilled and lace-trimmed, and often adorned with flowers. Ribbon is also requisitioned in the cause of parasols, sometimes used in narrow kilted frills, and again, in a tubular quality, it is to be seen disposed in festooned loops on net and silk shapes. These ribbon expressions are especially happy in pale, delicate colourings.

This becoming boudoir cap is being made by Marshall and Snelgrove in ecru guipure lace and georgette, crêpe de Chine flowers, and ribbons forming tassels either side

Of Particular Interest to the Bride-elect

WITH *trousseaux* monopolising a foremost place in the Spring and Summer curriculum of dress very special interest centres upon the ladies' outfitting department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, where all the best and most *recherché* in undies is awaiting acquisition. The powers that be here have set the seal of approval on an alliance of deep *écru* lace and delicately coloured silken fabrics, the charming results testifying to the artistic merits of the schemes. A soft shade of daffodil yellow is especially effective used with *écru* lace, as also a delicate pink and judiciously selected patterned georgette, the latter material quite a distinctive feature in these salons this Season. A nightdress of chiffon georgette in artistic chrysanthemum shades was arranged with a deep yoke and flounce of *écru* lace, a tawny chrysanthemum posed on the left shoulder adding a distinctive finishing note. The nightgown selected for illustration is in a lovely soft blue satin, mounted in tiny pleats on to a yoke of deep *écru* Alençon lace, outlined in front with touches of ribbon embroidery. Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove are offering this in a good range of colours at 6½ guineas, a similar model in *crêpe de Chine* coming out at 5½ guineas.

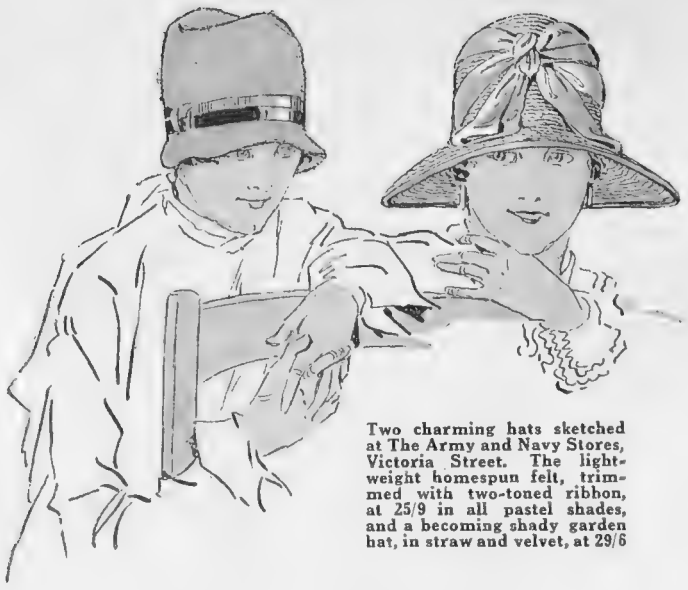
A delicate shade of pink satin beauté and coffee coloured lace are the mediums employed for these dainty knickers, tiny superposed frills adding their quota to the attractive story

Photographs *Bassano*

One of the many beautiful nightgowns to be found in the Marshall and Snelgrove salons, expressed in delicate blue satin and deep coffee coloured lace, a completing note of infinite charm being found in a becoming cap of fine ecru lace and blue georgette

Novelty Styles in Cami-knickers

WITH skirts as short as ever girls will find some cami-running-shorts that Marshall and Snelgrove are



Two charming hats sketched at The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street. The lightweight homespun felt, trimmed with two-toned ribbon, at 25/9 in all pastel shades, and a becoming shady garden hat, in straw and velvet, at 29/6

making in the most fascinating coloured *crêpe de Chines*, satisfying a craving for daintiness allied with practicability. Hemstitching and small embroidered *motifs* and a side opening are features to be noted, as also the very available price of 29*s.* 6*d.* Other cami-knickers are arranged with gathered knees, and there is also to be found here a combination cami-knicker and petticoat that can be had in white or coloured *crêpe de Chine* at 35*s.* 9*d.*, and in georgette, 79*s.* 6*d.*

Reminiscent of the Beloved Vagabond

AMONG many smart models to be found at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, are some flexible crochet straws, obviously inspired by the Beloved Vagabond shapes. In black, white, and all colours, trimmed with either velvet or petersham ribbon, these hats are to be had at the remarkable price of 12*s.* 9*d.*—a modest sum that strikes the keynote of the wonderful value offered throughout. For example, there is that charming little homespun felt hat illustrated, only 25*s.* 9*d.*; this the kind of hat everyone wants for everyday wear. It is light in weight and becoming to one and all, since it can be manipulated at will, and it is to be had in all pastel shades, trimmed with two-toned ribbon to add to its attraction. A lovely little swathed *crêpe de Chine* toque has been selected to illustrate the exquisite taste displayed in smart millinery here. This, in a soft shade of ochre yellow trimmed with feather pads, will be found irresistible to dark-haired girls, and the same becoming model can be had in other colours to suit all tastes.

Millinery for Matrons

THE choice of millinery for matrons is equally prolific, simple garden hats and smart, dignified models destined for *fête* and garden-party wear awaiting inspection and a speedy acquisition, a speciality being made of large head fittings. The garden hat included in the illustrated group is particularly light in weight in spite of its practical shady brim, and it can be had in black and all colours trimmed self-toned velvet.

Distinctive Jumpers and Overblouses

AS specialists in these dress details, Sands, of Sloane Street, hold a position second to none. They were among the first to take the knitted jumper into their own particular care and keeping, and have done much to bring the useful garment up to its present paramount position in modern dress. Ideal for wearing with the decreed man-tailored suit is the *crêpe de Chine* overblouse sketched. This is quite a plain style, but very smart with its hemstitched front and narrow, loose belt, and looks particularly well carried out in white, although it is also supplied in all new colours at the uniform price of 59*s.* 11*d.* An adjustable neck opening is the feature to be noted with interest in the case of the silk and wool jumper sketched. This can be induced to present three distinct aspects, and, whether buttoned right up to the throat, or with the collar turned down, or a V opening, the same good cut of the model is made manifest.

An example of the smart styles in millinery to be found in the salons at the Army and Navy Stores composed of swathed crêpe de Chine trimmed with feather pads

"Innovation" Trunks

THESE clever contrivances have reduced the difficulties of packing to a minimum, the trunks being arranged with various receptacles to accommodate frocks, *lingerie*, hats, and shoes, each in its own separate space, so that the frailest fabrics emerge in a perfectly fresh, smooth condition. And when open the trunk forms a complete wardrobe, so that the garments can, if desired, remain in it during a short visit or sojourn at an hotel. An "Innovation" is supplied in various sizes and styles, one particularly recommended costing only 6½ guineas. Debenham and Freebody, the sole concessionaires for Great Britain, have opened a special "Innovation" branch at 70-71, Welbeck Street.

(*Continued on page* xii)

A fascinating group of jumpers sketched at Richard Sands, Sloane Street. A novel collar adjustment, hemstitching and originally treated pockets bear evidence of the exclusive character of the designs

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

FREE 10-Day Tube. *Mail the Coupon*

Sparkling Teeth
—Gums like Coral

Here's a simple new way to gain them

Please accept full 10-day tube free. Note the great difference in the colour of your teeth and gum firmness when dingy film is removed as dentists urge.

RESTORING dull, off-colour teeth to polished whiteness is a recent dental achievement.

It's been found that dingy teeth come simply from a film that forms on teeth. A stubborn film old-type dentifrices did not successfully clear off. That's why brushing fails you.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel that film now—a sort of slippery coating.

Beneath it are the dazzling white teeth you envy.

It keeps your smile unattractive because it absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. It invites decay.

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, a scientific combatant has been found. Leading dentists widely urge it. All chemists have it. Works wonders on dingy teeth. A 10-day test sent free. Send the coupon.

Pepsodent MARK TRADE

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

2072

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube to THE PEPSODENT COMPANY (Dept. 153), 42, Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S.E.1

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family. *Bystander*, 13/4/27

The Home Beautiful

ARTISTIC
Good Quality Upholstery.
A LARGE RANGE OF MODELS ALWAYS ON VIEW.

THE "BLENHEIM" CHAIR

A DELIGHTFUL Chair on distinct lines, very comfortable. Double sprung seat, sprung arms and back, stuffed ALL HAIR. Width over all 2ft. 8in. Depth over all 2ft. 5in. Height over all 2ft. 9in. Height of seat 1ft. 4in. In plain lining, £6 12s. 6d., or covered "Blenheim" Cretonne, as illustration, or any cretonne at 2/4½ per yard.

£6 19s. 6d.

WRITE for our book "The Home Beautiful," fully illustrated, giving all details for the furnishing of the home on the most advantageous terms over 1, 2, or 3 years.

WILLIAMSON and COLE'S Showrooms can be easily reached by Train, Tram, 'Bus or Tube. Seven minutes from Victoria. Book to Clapham Station, NOT Clapham Junction.

Williamson & Cole
HIGH STREET CLAPHAM, S.W.4 LTD

ROWLAND'S
is an absolute necessity for the HAIR

MACASSAR OIL

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in **3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s.** sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and **A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.**

MONTE CARLO—THE MIRABEAU

Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.

F. SCHIPPER - - - - - - - - - - *Managing Proprietor.*

The Need for Insurance

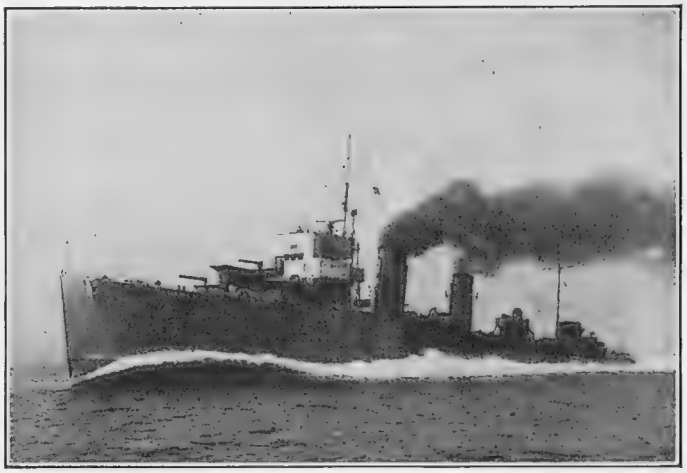
In his address at the annual meeting of the Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society, the Chairman said that there can be no doubt that it is an unsocial act for a person with family responsibilities and without capital resources to be uninsured or insufficiently insured. In a convincing little pamphlet, which this Society has issued under the title of "How Long Would It Last?" it is clearly explained how capital slips away if it has to be used to meet day-to-day expenses. All those who are interested in the vital question of insurance should read this pamphlet, which will provide solutions in the clearest manner to many of their financial problems.

A Deserving Cause

A Festival Dinner is being held in May in connection with a special appeal for the Silver Trade Pension Society, for which it is hoped to raise £5,000. This society was founded in 1836 for the benefit of workers in the trade (or their widows) who have subscribed to the society's funds during any portion of their working life. The society has at present 40 male and 41 female pensioners and a candidates list of 36, out of which only 9 can be elected, although each candidate is eligible and worthy. The pension averages from £18 to £20 per annum. As the average age of candidates for assistance is over 70, and many of them suffer from physical disabilities, it will be readily understood that the best possible use will be made of donations, which may be sent to the President of the Society, Mr. C. E. Newbegin, 24, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

That Holiday Question

The Southern Railway's Annual Guide to holiday seekers, entitled "Hints for Holidays," is larger than ever, and is packed with its customary useful and attractive information regarding the beauty spots of the South. The book contains detailed descriptions of all the resorts from Kent to North Cornwall and the Channel Islands, chapters by Mr. Le Breton Martin, the well-known fisherman, in fishing the rivers and seas of the South Coast, and a list (with pictures) of the golf links served by the Southern Railway. An all-important feature for the holiday-maker is a list of thousands of hotel, apartment, and boarding-house addresses of recognised standing. A post-card ready addressed to the Southern Railway is fixed into the cover of this volume, and readers only have to state on the back their home address and the resort they wish to visit when details of fares and train services are sent immediately. "Hints for Holiday," price 6d., is on sale at all S.R. inquiry offices and station bookstalls, or may be obtained for 10d., post free, from the Indoor Commercial Manager Southern Railway, London Bridge Station, S.E.1.



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In a quiet way rowing has been gaining in popularity during the last few years, and this fact is made clear in *Fairbairn's Rowing Annual*, 1927-8 (Sporting Handbooks, Ltd., 2s.). The handy little book is full of rowing lore, and contains articles by such well-known authorities on the sport as G. O. Nickalls and J. Beresford, Jnr., and a contribution on rowing as a sport for women by Miss Dorothy Conyers, of London University. There are charts and descriptions of the more important courses, and very complete records and reviews of the principal rowing fixtures. An invaluable handbook for the oarsman or oarswoman, which should certainly find a place on any well-equipped sports bookshelf.

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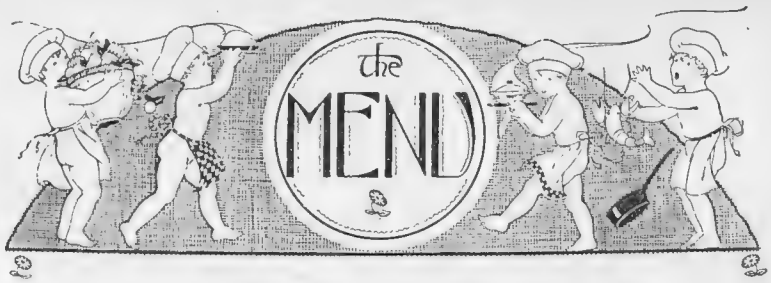

A MEATLESS DINNER FOR HOLY WEEK

Macaroni Soup.
Cod à la Belgique.
Curried Eggs.
Honeycomb Cream (Cold).
Cheese Fritters.
Coffee.

Macaroni Soup

Put a pint of milk on to boil with the same quantity of white stock or water, add salt to taste. Directly the milk and water boil put in one onion and 2 oz. of macaroni broken into short lengths, simmer gently for one hour, and then add ½ oz. of bread-crumbs, and cook slowly for a quarter of an hour longer; pass all through a coarse sieve, return to the pan, and add chopped parsley. Just before serving add a gill of cream. Serve with fried dice of bread, or Parmesan cheese.

Cod à la Belgique

Place a thick layer of sliced onion in the bottom of a stewpan (or casserole, if preferred), on this put a pound of cod, covered with a thick layer of sliced potatoes, season well and simmer gently in a pint of milk. Cooking the fish in this way makes rather a tasteless fish into quite a delicious one. Salt-fish would answer equally well.

Curried Eggs

Six hard-boiled eggs cut in slices. Cut up two small onions, fry them a light golden colour in 2 oz. of butter or margarine, add one tablespoonful of curry powder, a dessert spoonful of flour, and fry with the onions in the pan. Moisten with a teacupful of stock or milk, simmer gently a quarter of an hour. Now stir in a dessertspoonful of chutney, add the eggs to the curry sauce, and simmer a few minutes. Serve on a hot dish with a border of rice. To boil rice successfully (and I am speaking of Patna rice for curries) it must be put into boiling water and allowed to boil exactly a quarter of an hour, then poured into a colander, put in front of the fire to dry, and stirred occasionally with a fork. Boiled in this way every grain will be separate and dry.

Honeycomb Cream (Cold)

Put 3 teacupfuls of milk, 1 ditto of castor sugar, 1 teaspoonful of Vanilla essence, and ½ oz. leaf gelatine into a pan and dissolve. Stir in the yolks of 3 eggs slowly, and stir continuously till it all thickens but does not boil. Whip the whites to a stiff froth, stir them in, and turn it all into a mould, in which some apricot or other jam has been put. Leave in a cool place to set.

Cheese Fritters

One egg well beaten, with pepper and salt and a little milk. Grate 3 oz. of cheese, add the mixture to it, with a piece of butter and a little more milk. Well butter some patty pans, put in the mixture, and bake in the oven about fifteen minutes. They should be slightly brown on the top. This makes five fritters.

Emilia.

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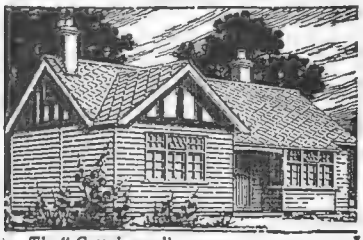

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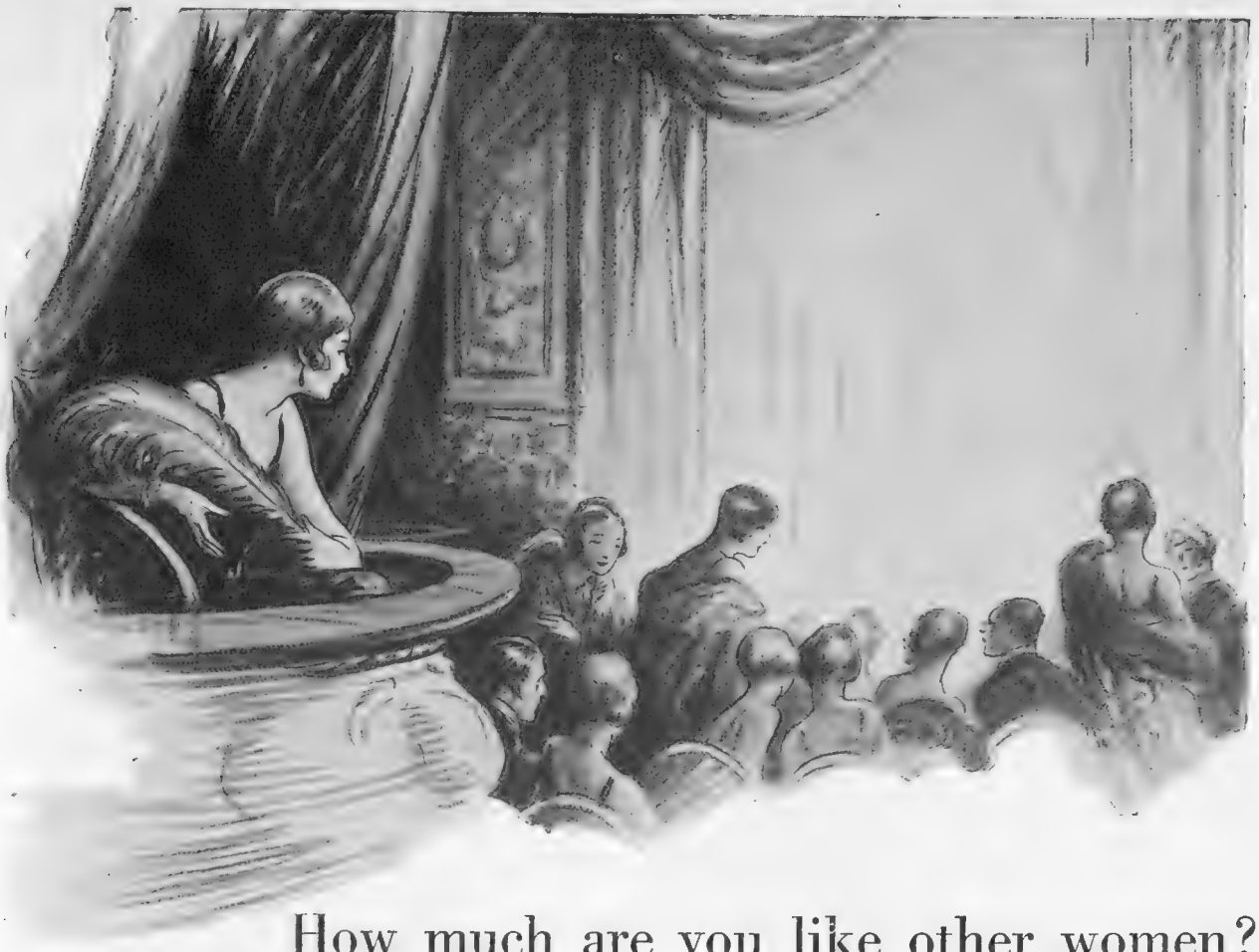

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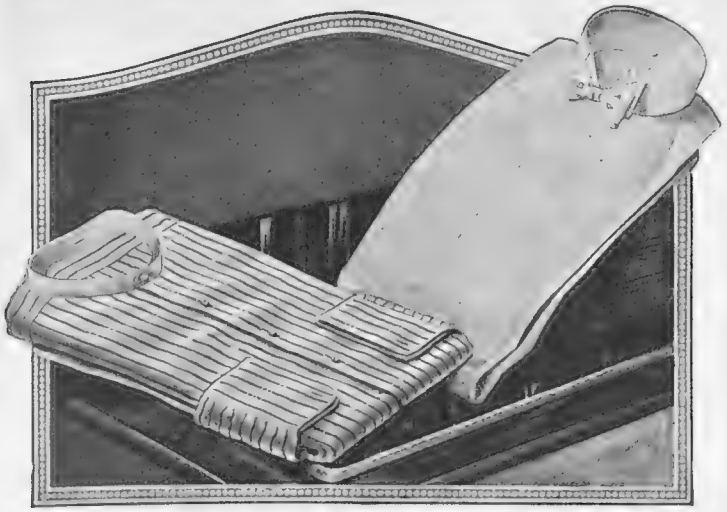

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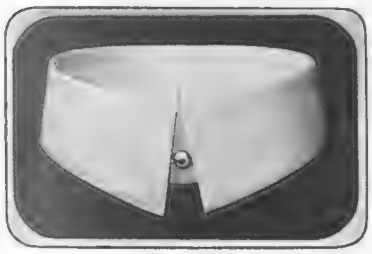

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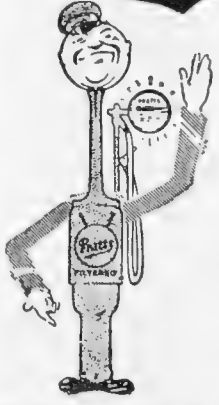

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to feed one child for ten days?

Over 102,000 children have been admitted.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London. E.1

An Easter Offering

Hospitals, Institutions, Homes

With Easter at hand, the thoughts of many of us turn to those who, from reasons of poverty, disease, or kindred misfortunes, cannot enjoy Eastertide as we, the more fortunate ones, enjoy it. Therefore we set down here some particulars of a few institutions which are particularly deserving of help.

* * *

Since their inauguration Dr. Barnardo's Homes have nobly earned the distinction of being the World's Biggest Family. No fewer than 102,000 children have been rescued from conditions of the most abject misery by this institution, and the average number in residence is 7,800. At present there are 7,747 children under the care of the Homes, and of this number 1,045 are helpless babies and toddlers under five years of age. It may well be imagined that a vast amount of money is needed to keep this enormous family from want, however carefully the funds of the institution are managed.

* * *

In these times the spectre of cancer is constantly being brought to our notice, but it may come as a surprise to many to learn that there is only one hospital in London which is given over entirely to the fight with this disease. The Cancer Hospital in the Fulham Road is fully equipped for the better treatment and research into the causes of cancer, and annual subscriptions, donations, and legacies are earnestly requested.

* * *

The work of the Church Army is as widespread as it is valuable. It gives the best possible help to the needy by relieving their immediate sufferings and preparing them to face the world anew, fortified in body and with a new spirit of self-respect and self-reliance. Special needs of the Church Army for 1927 are £2,000 to complete the purchase and equipment of King George's Work-Aid Embankment Home for Homeless Men and £12,000 for a similar purpose at the Greencoat Place Home for Homeless Women.

This Easter—Help the fatherless children of the necessitous middle classes!

Help the fatherless children of the necessitous middle classes whose struggle against poverty nobody but themselves know. To give these children—children very much like your own—a secondary school education in a healthy home-like atmosphere. To give them a start in life such as had been planned before the great calamity came. That is the work of the London Orphan School—a noble and necessary work worthy of your most generous support.

10,734 children have benefited during the 113 years of the School's existence. All fatherless children of the following between the age of 7 and 11 are eligible:

Officers and Warrant Officers in the Army, Navy, and Air Force
Clergymen
Barristers and Solicitors
Architects
Auctioneers
Surveyors
Schoolmasters
Artists
Officers and Clerks employed in Customs, Inland Revenue, and Post Office
Manufacturers
Brokers: Stock and Share, Ship and Insurance, Tea and Colonial
Civil Engineers
Master Mariners
Actuaries, Accountants, Secretaries, and Bank Managers
Clerks
Railway Officials
Farmers
Master Tradesmen, etc., etc.

At present there are 450 children on the roll. £30,000 a year is required to feed, clothe, and educate this large family. Send your Easter donations to

The Secretary,

LONDON ORPHAN SCHOOL

and **Royal British Orphan School**

WATFORD

Full particulars of the Schools and also forms for nominating candidates for the election on June 27, 1927, will be gladly sent.

"Who grasps the child grasps the future!"
—Francis Thompson

Early influences make or mar the character of the individual. The great educative work of

THE

N.S.P.C.C.

is proving a powerful factor in the foundation of a healthy, virile race. Of the three and a half million children helped to a happier life nearly every case has been satisfactorily concluded without prosecution: eloquent proof of the efficacy of its methods.

Communications and Gifts will be welcomed by
Sir ROBERT PARR, O.B.E.,
Director,
The NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

for Those in Need.

and General Charities.

THE National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, or more familiarly the N.S.P.C.C., has helped no fewer than 3½ million children in the years of its existence. It is not generally realised, perhaps, that the chief feature of the Society's activities is educative work among parents and guardians. The happiest results have been obtained by this prevention which is better than cure, and only in the last resort is legal action taken. Your donations will help the children of the present, who are the nation of the future.

* * *

THE Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances continues its great work of administering to the needs of the old, sick, and lonely. Its especial care is the comfort of old or poor ladies who need help with their rent, or who are unable to buy for themselves coal and the little things which make life tolerable in old age.

* * *

ANOTHER cause which is of particular interest to the middle classes is that of the London Orphan Schools at Watford, which educate and care for the sons and daughters of professional and business men. Too often one is apt to forget that there are large numbers of children of this class whose parents are dead or are unable to educate them properly. A donation to these schools would be a very welcome gift.

* * *

ONE thousand boys and girls from all parts of the United Kingdom are being trained in the Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship. This organisation is doing magnificent work in preparing the children of the poor for a useful and happy life at home or in the Colonies. Over 10,000 boys have joined the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine, and many hundreds have emigrated to the British Dominions, while 3000 girls have been trained for household duties, etc.

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Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances

Under Royal Patronage.

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Dear Friends,—It is now over forty years since I started this work for Poor Ladies, and every year I need more and more money.

We want donations of money for the General Fund and the Special Fund; also we ask those who cannot give us donations, please to remember us in their wills.

That is a great help, and puts the Society on a good foundation. We appeal to friends for money for coals, for we need to supply the old and sick with money for coals until the summer advances. I am always pleading for rents. I love to feel that some old lady feels her rent is paid for six months in advance.

Many of the Ladies do fine needlework—handkerchief marking being a speciality. A sample handkerchief can be sent to those who require that kind of work done.

If there is anything anyone wishes to know, I shall be glad to supply the information. We have some invalids for whom we much need money. I feel sure that those who wish to give will do so. I am, yours truly,

EDITH SMALLWOOD, Hon. Sec.,
Lancaster House, Malvern.

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FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED.

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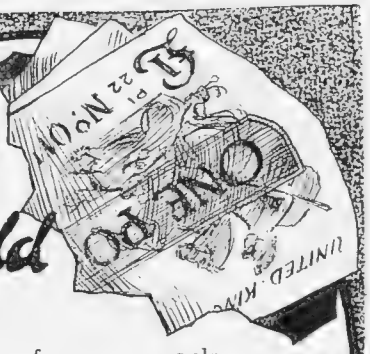
164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.

An Easter Egg for a sickly child



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